FORMOSA MARILYN YOUNG

THE NATION

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LETTERS

Tokyo demonstrations

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: Perhaps Albert Axelbank ["The Marchers of Tokyo." *The Nation,* Jan. 8] has been a bit too close to those 300 political demos he's observed in Japan. The Japanese political demonstration is well organized, like most things in Japan: the numbers are impressive, the noise is unified and the signs are as big as 10 feet wide. . . . But those demonstrations are considerably less effective than he makes them out to be. I wonder why liberals such as he . . . support the misconception, prevalent in America since the demonstrations in 1960 against Eisenhower, that the vocal Left is politically effective in Japan.

Let's start with 1960: Mr. Axelbank says that those demonstrations "did bring down a government." Rather they were a factor in an internal shift within the Conservative party which has been in power since the occupation. That has been the most the demonstrations have done . . . . The noisier demonstrations are mostly those of the students, and are recognized by most observers in Japan as little more than the transitory cries of university students before they join the conservative establishment. . . . The student demonstrators are indulged in Japan; they do not even get the reaction the American ones get. The fact is that in the face of these demonstrations the Conservative party has retained power and has given more and more support to the U.S.'s Asian policy . . . .

Demonstrations against America will continue in Japan, but nuclear submarines will continue to call there . . . .

Emanuel Schreiber

P.S. From December, 1965 until March, 1967, I served as a clinical psychology officer in a U.S. Army hospital outside of Tokyo. From April to September, 1967, I did psychological research with educated young adults in Tokyo. During that time I was involved in the organization and activities of Vietnam Summer-Japan, a protest group composed of foreigners.

Japan

Joplin, Mo.

DEAR SIRS: I have read and reread W. Macmahon Ball's "Japan in Asia's Future" [*The Nation,* Jan. 15]. It is written out of thinking and not by dictation by our men in Washington.

W. A. Seiler

responsibility in science

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: The reference in your timely editorial "Scientists as Citizens" to the Society for Social Responsibility in Science [*The Nation,* Jan. 22] was gratifying—but not entirely correct in its implications. The SSRS has never, as an organization, spoken for any action, political or otherwise, beyond calling on individual scientists and engineers "to recognize a personal responsibility for the anticipated consequences to society of their work and to exercise their profession always for the benefit of humanity."

Esther Milner

correction

We regret that a line was inadvertently dropped from Michael B. Folsom's review, "Some Versions of the Proletariat" (Feb. 12). The sentence should have read: "He [Swados] ranges a decade and more out of his way to take one last swipe at the 'hacks and has-beens' of the Hollywood Left. . . ."

Editors

EDITORIALS

Violence

We derive much of our popular entertainment from it. Our pre-eminence in the world is based on it. We have so much of it that we can afford to export it and still make our streets and homes unsafe. And the peak market in violence is still ahead. By all indications, next summer will see "crime in the streets"—the Negro insurrection—put down with more brutality than in previous years.

Of course we have no monopoly on violence in its strictly military form; in this respect we could not compete with Imperial and Fascist Germany, for instance, in the 1866-1945 period, which began with the attack on Austria and ended with the execution of some of the more prominent Nazi war criminals. Nor could we compete in genocide, although in Southeast Asia we are beginning to acquire some modest proficiency in that art. Yet in our own way we are exponents of violence as the answer to a multitude of social problems.

How did we become so? There can be no simple answer, but an interesting suggestion is made in a review by Thomas Lask in the February 20 *New York Times* of Wesley Craven's *The Colonies in Transition 1660-1713* (Harper & Row). Professor Craven notes that every colonist was armed. He did not depend on a royal garrison for protection, but on his own musket and that of his neighbor. This may account, Lask suggests, "for the violent strain that runs through our society today"; it must be added that our immigrant population did nothing to dilute the propensity.

Whatever the origins, violence has now become our paramount national problem. It is both the easy way out and no way out at all. Very little is being done to *prevent* next summer's riots; the main emphasis is on putting them down with overwhelming force. (See "The Fact-Finding Charade" by Sherwood Ross, p.306.) At the same time, the politics of violence is to be exploited to the utmost. With unconvincing sorrow, the President predicts violence for many a summer, the next one being the most crucial for him. Properly nurtured and applied, violence can generate votes. Mr. Johnson can portray himself before the election as a peace-loving man who did his best to forestall violence, but with a heavy heart and heavy hand put it down without quarter when it came.

The international complications of our reliance on violence are approaching an asymptotic curve. In our issue of February 26 we referred editorially to our exports of the most modern and lethal weapons to Latin America. One result, in Guatemala, has been acute embarrassment —or worse—to a respected Catholic religious order, the Maryknoll Fathers, who are said to support more than 1,000 missionary priests and brothers in Central and South America from their headquarters in Ossining, N.Y. The role of the Church in the current Guatemalan civil war came to light when two U.S. military and naval attachés were murdered in January in broad daylight in an embassy car on a Guatemala City street. (See "Why They Shoot Americans" by Norman Diamond, *The Nation,*

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February 5.) It then developed that this was only the latest of a series of retaliatory assassinations, with the Left seeing the American military as allies of the Right, which is certainly not far from the truth. Ever since the overthrow in 1954 of President Arbenz, who was regarded by the CIA as a Communist sympathizer, Guatemala has been an incipient Vietnam south of the Mexican border. It was asserted at the time that Arbenz had been ousted by a right-wing CIA-Catholic coalition; that is what the Maryknoll Fathers have now inherited.

According to the *National Catholic Reporter* (January 31 and other issues), two Maryknoll priests, the Rev. Thomas R. Melville and the Rev. Arthur Melville, brothers, and Sister Marian Peter, all in their 30s, were sent to Guatemala as missionaries; they then held nothing resembling revolutionary views. They found there a population three-fourths of which showed nutritional deficiencies, an illiteracy rate of 41 per cent in urban areas and 82 per cent in rural areas (96 per cent among Indian women); they found 2 per cent of Guatemalans at the top of the social pyramid living in luxury, and most of the others in squalor. And they found the natural concomitant —violence. As another Maryknoll priest, the Rev. Blase Bonpane put it, "Violence is institutionalized in Guatemala. We don't talk about whether there will be violence; there is violence. The life is violent. . . . The way the government relates to the people, and the way the army relates to the people, is violent." He added that the United States supports the ruling oligarchy because we do business with the 2 per cent elite, and because we are taken in "by the cry of anti-communism."

The testimony of Father Bonpane is important because he remains a Maryknoll priest in good standing. The two Melvilles and Sister Marian sided openly with the guerrillas. They were ordered back to the United States, came as far as Florida, then returned to Mexico and apparently to their Guatemalan guerrilla associations. To make matters more complicated, Father Thomas Melville reported his marriage to Sister Marian, whereby they are both automatically excommunicated.

As for Father Bonpane, he was sent to Hawaii by the Maryknoll headquarters and obeyed his orders. What he said en route can scarcely have been comforting to the heads of the order, however. "I see a pre-Vietnam [in Guatemala]. I see napalm. I see Green Berets, and I'll continue to scream about it. I am opposed to it. I am not infallible, but I will not sit by." He thinks the United States should "clear out" of Guatemala. "Then we'd see what a real people's revolution is. We have intervened too many places, too many times."

Which animated the dissident clergy more—social injustice or violence—must remain an open question for the moment. The rightist forces are organized in groups like La Mano Blanca, which are accused of killing at least 3,000 peasants suspected of collaborating with Communist-leaning guerrillas, such as the Fuerzas Armadas Rebeldes (FAR). This is reported by James Nelson Goodsell, the Latin American correspondent of *The Christian Science Monitor* (February 8). In the mid-January wave of terrorism, more than fifty persons, including the U.S. military attachés, were killed. The FAR

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partisans say the violence was sparked by the brutal murder by right-wing terrorists of Rogelia Cruz Martinez, a former Guatemalan beauty queen who had long sympathized with Communist guerrilla groups.

Where it will all end, God knows. But one thing is certain: the Guatemalan violence which the United States initiated in 1954 has failed of its purpose—as violence has a way of doing. It has not put down social uprisings in the streets of Guatemala City, and will not put them down in the streets of Saigon, Santo Domingo, Newark or Detroit. Until we learn that lesson (and there is no sign that we are doing so), worse is to come, both at home and abroad.

International Bugging

Four weeks after the North Koreans seized the *Pueblo*, their reasons for doing so remain obscure. She was doing only what literally thousands of land stations, surface ships, submarines, aircraft, spacecraft (mostly Soviet and American but including also Canadian and other nationalities) do every minute of the 8,760 hours in the year, and almost always with impunity. Actually, on a petty scale, any civilian with a $25 short-wave receiver can participate.

On a grand scale, the superpowers are spending billions of dollars annually for equipment and personnel to record every variety of visual/audio communication, whether in the air or in the vacuum of space, or in the form of waterborne sound. There are thought to be some thirty U.S. intelligence-gathering ships like the *Pueblo*; others, such as aircraft carriers and their escorting warships, conduct electronic and sonar surveillance as a sideline, though at times as a primary mission. The Russians match this effort with one as massive, but they employ mainly fishing trawlers, some of which actually catch and process fish. By common consent, neither side engages in "jamming" or transmission interference; they just listen and record. And secrecy has been virtually discarded, with no more nonsensical stories about a U-2 having strayed halfway across the Soviet Union on a weather mission, or an RB47 jet having got lost in the Barents Sea, with navigational equipment on board which could have fixed its position probably within less than a nautical mile.

Let no one imagine that this expensive bugging has reached the limits of its capability. Thousands of electronics experts in the government, private industry and think-tanks are pushing the state of the art outward and upward. Laser types of radar are coming along fast, together with other esoteric devices that it is inadvisable to speculate about, lest an astute guess should provoke a visit from the FBI. Only two things are certain—the expense will keep on going up and the experts will not agree on what it all portends.

In the *Pueblo* case it should be noted that the North Korean "pirates" were comparatively gentle with ship and crew. The much larger *Liberty*, operated by the Navy for NSA, was shot up by the friendly Israelis with the loss of thirty-four U.S. seamen and another seventy-five wounded. Apparently neither the *Pueblo* nor the boarding party did any shooting, and the dead crew member may have been killed in an effort to demolish some of the ship's electronic equipment—which was probably no different from what the Russians (and the Japanese) can produce in substantially the same design.

The question remains why the North Koreans went to all this trouble, which after all entails some risk. The most likely theory is a combination of bravado and nervousness (which often go together). South Korea has 40,000 troops in South Vietnam while North Korea has none, a situation for which baiting Uncle Sam may compensate in some slight measure. North and South Korea are still at war, and if the South Koreans—as they claim—fear attack by the North Koreans, it would seem reasonable that the latter have as much cause for apprehension. South Korea has a population of 29 million against North Korea's 12.5 million; two American divisions stand at the ready with nuclear and missile equipment south of the truce line. The South Korean military oligarchy receives hundreds of millions of dollars for its prestige and protection.

The commando squad the North Koreans sent down to assassinate President-General Park Chung Hee has its counterparts in patrols which invade the North—and there are South Koreans who would not be sorry to see General Park done away with. Meanwhile, North Korean Maj. Gen. Pak Chung Kuk can sit across the table at Panmunjom figuratively thumbing his nose at U.S. Rear Admiral John V. Smith. Cyrus R. Vance has returned to Washington, leaving the South Koreans still in a state of high dudgeon. And LBJ can keep on racking his brains about how to rescue those eighty-two U.S. seamen.

The Failure of Intelligence

Aside from the complications introduced by the electronization of intelligence, as manifested most recently in the *Pueblo* affair, what has been happening in Vietnam points to a more fundamental weakness. It is not entirely new; by its nature military intelligence is a gamble in which each side hopes that the odds are in its favor. But since World War II there are indications of a general deterioration in the quality of U.S. intelligence gathering, evaluation and translation into action. The classic example is General MacArthur's reliance on General Willoughby's assurances that the Chinese would not counterattack as our forces approached the Yalu River. Through their Indian intermediaries the Chinese had plainly warned Truman and MacArthur, but fiction proved stronger than truth. The result was near-disaster.

We have been told again and again that we are winning the war in Vietnam. It is now abundantly clear that we are not winning and have no hope of winning. This is not to say that we can be driven out of South Vietnam by force; rather that we cannot impose our will on the enemy short of destroying everything we are supposedly fighting for. And until the Tet onslaught we did not even know how false our information was. Despite all that has been said and written, most of what we think we know about Vietnam and its people is an inversion of the truth.

Where does this leave General Westmoreland? We have said (and recent events confirm it) that he is in large measure a public relations type of general. So was Mac-

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Arthur, with his florid prose, his contempt for danger and his executive stance. But MacArthur had in addition extraordinary personal intelligence and command of a certain kind of statesmanship, as he proved in Japan after the victory in World War II. Westmoreland is not in that class. Trying to defend him, the President said we had known for some time that such an offensive was planned by the enemy. But if we knew, why were we not prepared for it? Or are sections of ARVN actually a fifth column for Hanoi? If so, how has that situation escaped us?

Two basic troubles stand out. One is that we have very little reliable contact with the Vietnamese people. The Saigon government, which is supposed to supply that liaison, cannot do so because it is an imposed, puppet government of military adventurers. The other weakness is that intelligence work against a guerrilla-type enemy requires techniques for which we are unprepared. The enemy's disposition of forces, and the other formal parameters of intelligence, are less important than his political state of mind and the intentions based on his political assessments. About these elements we know little or nothing.

The result is that we are now driven to the supreme folly of destroying the cities and towns of South Vietnam, as well as those of the North, by our superior artillery and air power. If this latest method of winning the hearts and minds of the people is successful, it will prove that the Vietnamese are as crazy as we are—but that is an assumption so perilous that one would think even President Johnson would draw back from it in dismay. Perhaps he is actually saying one thing and feeling something quite different: some of his recent photographs suggest it.

Trouble at the State University

Last fall Evan R. Collins, president of the State University of New York campus at Albany, assured the faculty: "This university will not tolerate any interference with academic freedom, either from outside or within the scholarly community." But a little later forty faculty members formed an *ad hoc* Teachers Committee for Draft Counseling (TCDC). "As teachers and responsible members of the academic community," they concluded, "we must help . . . young men obtain information on all alternatives, to the end that they arrive at a rational and emotionally satisfactory decision about their role, if any, in the Vietnam war." Twenty-seven teachers volunteered to provide counseling in an informal manner, eschewing any active advice to the students on what their course of conduct should be.

But the only legal alternative to being drafted is application for conscientious objector status. All other options, such as emigration to Canada, are either clearly illegal or, from an orthodox patriotic standpoint, of dubious legality and morally reprehensible besides. There must have been some faculty-student discussion of such matters, for soon charges of "disloyalty, treason and subsidizing subversion" began to resound on the floor of the State Assembly. Conservative Assemblymen demanded that the school administration crack down on the TCDC. Assemblymen Neil W. Kelleher of Troy and Elwyn Mason of Hobart, both Republicans, were especially vehement, with only Democrat Joseph Kottler of Brooklyn counseling moderation. Mason declared this was tantamount to "creating and perpetuating cancer in our university under the guise of academic freedom."

President Collins, though rumored to be unhappy about TCDC (wouldn't you be if you were in his shoes?) has so far refused to interfere. For their part, the TCDC members aver that "if history should judge our efforts in Vietnam to have been wrong [we teachers] want future generations to know who the 'good Germans' were. Until Congress provides some acceptable substitute for military service, we can expect groups like the Albany Committee to proliferate on campuses all over the country." *The Nation* hopes their numbers, and their fortitude, will increase. The latter will be needed as much as the former.

Cities in Distress

Recently *The New York Times* devoted a two-column lead on the front page to a $10,000 grant which the tax-exempt Twentieth Century Fund made to the City of New York, "in lieu," it said, of taxes.

The Fund's contribution does more than it may have had in mind to emphasize the highly privileged position of the foundations. The Fund said that the $10,000 represented the sum it would expect to pay in property taxes (if it paid them) on its building. Leaving aside the novelty of self-assessed real property taxation, it should be noted that the City of New York also imposes a municipal income tax, not to mention the state and federal income taxes. The point, however, is not the adequacy of the "in lieu" contribution. The Twentieth Century Fund is only one of an estimated 18,000 foundations, and—with only $27 million in assets—is not one of the really big ones. Total assets of U.S. foundations now exceed $20 billion, with more than one-third of that concentrated in the hands of about a dozen giants.

By any reckoning, this means a substantial loss of tax revenue at all levels. No one questions the social value of the contributions made by the foundations, and the principle of tax exemption is important and should be safeguarded. But about one-sixth of New York City's real property, the *Times* tells us, is now held in tax-exempt ownership. City revenues have increased, but expenditures continue to outpace income. Much of the cost of social change now falls directly on the cities. The demand for services steadily increases and so does the cost. Certain services are imperative, yet no one has suggested how cities can meet the steadily escalating costs of collective bargaining agreements with large and powerful unions of municipal employees. The need for a reshifting of tax revenue is evident, and the longer it is delayed the greater the likelihood that the principle of tax-exemption will have to be re-examined. All the more reason, therefore, why foundations and other tax-exempt institutions should offer "in lieu" contributions to the cities. But a glance at the comments which the *Times* obtained from foundation spokesmen is enough to indicate that there will be no stampede on the part of other foundations to follow Twentieth Century's example.

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FORMOSA: 'Solidarity of Gloom'

MARILYN BLATT YOUNG
Mrs. Young is a student of Sino-American relations and author of a forthcoming book on American China policy at the turn of the century.

Vietnam so totally absorbs us that unless forcibly brought to our attention, as in the recent *Pueblo* crisis, other monuments to America's relentless pursuit of the cold war in the Pacific tend to be forgotten. Thus 50,000 American troops remain in South Korea (a "token" force we are told, though almost equal in size to the estimate of North Vietnamese troops fighting in the South), Japan has its share of U.S. bases, Okinawa is a colony of the Department of the Army in disregard of the sentiments of its inhabitants, and Formosa, our "floating fortress," preserves, as in amber, the Chinese civil war.

The Kennedy years provided so many major crises that it is hard to remember that Formosa, with its appendages, Quemoy and Matsu, was a key debating point in the 1960 campaign. Our commitment to defend those tiny outposts, should an attack on them presage an attack on Formosa (and how will it be possible to determine that at the time?), remains. Indeed the whole intractable problem of Formosa waits for us when we shall have done with Vietnam—or worse, while we are still mired there.

Few people talk about the island, few seem concerned with it. In the paradoxical effort to contain but not isolate China, some public figures (most recently, Governor Romney) espouse a two-China solution which would combine flexibility toward Peking with a determination to retain Nationalist China's UN seat. This formulation is rejected not merely by the Peking and Taipei governments but by the 11 million native Formosans—an overwhelming majority of the population of the island.

The goal of the State Department, insofar as its representatives see fit to confide in American citizens, is simple: don't rock the boat; support the heir apparent to Chiang's power, his son Ching-kuo; keep a weather eye out for "trouble" from the Formosans and guide visiting American Congressmen, students and teachers to a heartfelt enthusiasm for signs of economic progress.

Should a visitor happen upon the many evidences of a harsh police state, he is reminded that he is a guest of the country and that anyway the Chinese have never shown much aptitude for political democracy. If, rarely enough, contact is made with dissident Formosans, one is advised on how few they are in number, how questionable in purpose, how ultimately doomed by the growing unity between Formosan and mainlander, due to the open education system. Change is seen as both undesirable and unlikely. America's goal in Formosa is short-term stability in the frozen, mad logic of the cold war. Little is said of long-term stability. Indeed in the event of the death of Chiang Ching-kuo (and he is reportedly in bad health) the United States is without any policy whatsoever.

Formosa is a repressive police state in which, at last, Chiang Kai-shek has found an area small enough to rule with relative efficiency. Not that corruption is absent. It is all-pervasive, but it too is an instrument of control. The readiness to engage in corrupt activities would seem to be a necessary condition for power and a symbol of loyalty to Chiang. It is also a useful weapon should Chiang at any time wish to rid himself of a former ally. Denouncing a man for corruption serves the dual purpose of appearing virtuous and maintaining control. In addition, Chiang has at his disposal the secret police and a huge (some estimate 10 per cent of the population) system of minor informers. In large measure the people police themselves, convinced—by frequent and arbitrary arrests, executions and censorship—that silence is safest. But repression, though it may be a cause, is not the most salient characteristic of the island. Rather one is struck by a kind of heavy unhappiness just this side of despair. *Everyone* is unhappy. Mainlanders because they can't go home again and cannot accept Formosa as their new land; Formosans because they cannot rule what *is* their land. Nor, of course, are mainlanders encouraged to look on Formosa as theirs: all future expectations are supposed to lie in recovery of the mainland.

These divisions are not total and the regime's propaganda about growing harmony between the two groups might begin to approximate the truth were it not for the hard work done *by* the regime to perpetuate differences. Mainlanders suffer equally with Formosans the corrupt, authoritarian rule of the Kuomintang (KMT) party. Many, perhaps most, have resigned themselves, however miserably, to dying on Formosa. An alliance between disaffected mainlanders and the majority population would mean instantaneous collapse of the Nationalist government. For that reason, the regime does all in its power to prevent such an event, to maintain the mainlanders, as one Formosan put it, in their "solidarity of gloom."

When Henry Kao, as a Formosan and an independent, was elected mayor of Taipei in 1964, it was discovered that he ran ahead of the KMT candidate in mainlander neighborhoods. The threat of a united, anti-KMT constituency was obviously great. As a result, Taipei has lost the right to elect its own mayor; it is now a "special municipality," a dubious privilege shared by Nanking and several other cities unvisited by Nationalist politicians in almost two decades. Mr. Kao has been appointed mayor. He can be dismissed at the whim of the central government, he has lost his constituency and rumors are spread that he has joined the KMT. If that is believed, it will cost him the backing of virtually all Formosans.

Henry Kao's coalition was temporary in any case, produced for a specific election, because he led no party which could secure and hold voters to him. However, efforts to form an opposition party have been made—and smashed. The most notable case was that of Lei Chen, former editor of the banned journal *Free China Fortnightly*, who in 1960 attempted to organize an opposition party based on cooperation between liberal mainlanders like himself and Formosans. Lei was sentenced to ten

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years for his efforts, and few doubt the sentence would have been far harsher if his influential foreign friends had not intervened.

Formosans, who hold not one ambassadorship, whose chances of travel abroad are limited, and whose contacts with foreigners are hampered by linguistic difficulties (most Americans wish to learn Mandarin, the official language of both China and Nationalist-ruled Formosa; many Formosans speak it indifferently or not at all), are likely to fare much worse. It is difficult to discover *who* has been arrested, much less why. Arrests are rumored to have been made recently at the National University of Taiwan, but even to admit knowledge of this fact is to attract attention from the police. Therefore, silence is kept.

The government does not attempt complete repression. As in any police state, cautious discussion among intimates cannot be suppressed. What is forbidden absolutely is public communication about serious issues of any kind. Underground student publications appear now and then, but they are quickly seized and harsh penalties exacted of their authors, if they can be found. Moreover, the boundary between sedition and permissible criticism is deliberately kept obscure. As Chen and Lasswell point out in *Formosa, China and the United Nations,* "In undertaking a political activity, one has no rational way of estimating the probable consequences in terms of indulgence or deprivation." Indeed the arbitrariness of the law affects everyone, from the sidewalk vendor of black-market goods, uncertain if the protection money he pays the police will operate today as it did yesterday, to the university intellectual whose uncertainty about penalties induces apathy and silence. The one aspect of past Japanese rule universally mourned by Formosans is the dependable system of law, however harsh, it established and enforced.

Distrust is sown by planting informers, part time or professional, everywhere, so that no group feels safe in discussing any but the most innocuous topics. A professor relates how a concerned student humbly requested that he speak less openly in class. The student did not want to report the professor, but if he did not do so, someone else would—and report the student's lack of zeal for good measure.

Without the sustaining myth of return to the mainland, Chiang and the KMT would have no legitimacy whatsoever. The central government in exile allots to Formosa the number of posts and seats in the government the island would be entitled to in a unified China. Today, for example, Formosa is entitled to a mere eighteen out of 1,521 seats in the National Assembly. The KMT dominates the Provincial Assembly, which is in any case powerless, and the governor is appointed. Should it be admitted in any way that return to the mainland is a lost dream, the slim fabric of reason by which Chiang rules would be permanently rent. Thus the main enemies of the government are those who discuss the possibility of Formosan independence. This, even more than the "two-China" formula, is most feared by the regime.

Attempting, by an act of open courage, to break out of the impotence created by combined self and government censorship, a well-known Formosan political scientist, P'eng Ming-min, and two students drafted a cool and reasoned brief for Formosan independence in 1965. P'eng hoped that his statement could be circulated to friends and colleagues, mainland and Formosan. He knew the risks he ran, but felt that silence was death and that the plea for free and open debate among men of good will might galvanize the weak and unite the strong. The document, and its authors, were seized before even one copy could be distributed. The contents of the statement were

Macpherson, Toronto Star

distorted beyond recognition, and disseminated. One otherwise sympathetic mainlander insisted that the statement (which he had never read) was a violently inflammatory appeal to Formosans to massacre all mainlanders, to "push us into the sea."

Again, through the efforts of foreign friends and such groups as Amnesty International, P'eng's sentence was relatively light: eight years in prison. One student was likewise sentenced to eight years, the other to ten. Perhaps as a result of further pressure, the government amnestied P'eng in November of 1965, but kept his students in jail. In the summer of 1966 their sentences were reduced by half. Although the government released P'eng it hoped to destroy him as a possible rallying figure for future political action by keeping his students in jail and handing out a story to the newspapers that he had confessed his guilt and thrown himself upon Chiang's infinite mercy. The confession story was a lie, and the effort to discredit P'eng has had only limited success. But many young mainlanders who consider themselves liberals believe the confession story and have written P'eng off. Perhaps they would have done so in any event; the sentiment for Formosan *independence,* in contrast to anti-KMT feelings, is slight among mainlanders of any age. On the other hand, the general suspicion in which the government is held by Formosans has worked among them to protect P'eng's reputation. He is, however, powerless. He lives in a state of semi-house arrest, his visitors are followed, he is for-

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bidden to teach. Punishment extends to other members of his family, an old and prominent one in Formosa, who have found it difficult to get credit at banks and are often harassed in other ways.

The vulnerability of the government to foreign pressure is apparent from the two important political cases of Lei and P'eng, whose sentences were reduced by pressure from abroad. A government which lives by myth is obviously half a public relations venture. Thus, with luck, even relatively obscure people can be saved. In the summer of 1966, for example, Huang Ch'i-ming, a Formosan graduate student at the University of Wisconsin, paid a brief visit to his family in Taipei. He was arrested and convicted on the charge of having attended meetings in Madison where "the problem of Formosa" was discussed. (In the Nationalist mythology Formosa, as such, cannot *be* a problem.) A story about Huang appeared in *The New York Times*. Pressure from some American universities and possibly from other officialdom followed, and Huang was retried (though an appeal had been rejected earlier). In a face-saving move, Huang received a three-year suspended sentence. In a sense it was a life sentence, for Huang will probably never be allowed to leave Formosa again.

The recent, and distressing, forced return to Formosa from Japan of a Formosan independence worker may be a sign of new trials and prosecutions. Some rumors now coming out of the island indicate that large-scale arrests are imminent.

For Chiang, the Chinese civil war is both a political necessity and a military fact. An estimated 25 per cent of his 600,000-man army lives in vast underground bunkers on Quemoy and Matsu. On alternate days propaganda shells are exchanged with the mainland—less than 2 miles away at its closest point. Americans are encouraged to visit Quemoy for a day of expense-free entertainment: briefings, a tour of the small museum, the opportunity to send one's very own propaganda balloon to China. From here and, presumably, other points the Nationalists stage their raids on the mainland, concentrating on sabotage and brief terrorist attacks by frogmen whose brave deeds are openly lauded in the press. Using American equipment and shielded by the Seventh Fleet, Chiang takes frequent occasion to demonstrate to Mao that he has not yet lost all hope.

While Formosans may fear that Chiang's desire to return to the mainland will involve them in a disastrous war, they realize how unlikely this is except in the event of a larger conflict between China and America. A more immediate anxiety is that, upon the death of his father, Chiang Ching-kuo will negotiate some kind of deal with Peking which would indeed return Formosa to the mainland, on Peking's terms. It is hard to find a Formosan who does not firmly believe that Chiang's son has already met with Communist officials. They dismiss the notion that this is merely an effort to blackmail America into firmer displays of support for the Nationalists. "He is a mainlander, after all," they insist. "He will never accept the permanent separation of Formosa from China." Nor would such a deal be inconceivable. As recently as 1965, China's Foreign Minister Ch'en Yi declared that cooperation with Chiang Kai-shek and his son was entirely possible, provided only that they "break away from U.S. imperialist control and be loyal to the motherland."

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What of the other alternative, an independent Formosa with its own seat in the UN? Peking could then assume its rightful place in that body and on the Security Council. It will at once be protested that neither Taipei nor Peking would allow such a resolution. Taipei's wishes in this matter are, perhaps, irrelevant. The United States need not permanently enslave itself to every tyrant it has had the misfortune to support in the past. Peking's protest, and the form it might take, are more disturbing considerations. Yet it would seem that a friendly, nonaligned Formosa might please the Communists better than the present situation. In terms of world opinion, it would look very bad indeed for Peking to oppose by force the self-determination of the people of Formosa, provided this could be determined in a truly free and open way. A deal with Chiang Ching-kuo could possibly be made, though it is uncertain that the United States would ever allow it to be consummated.

The best case for such an arrangement is made by Lung-chu Chen and Harold Lasswell in their book. They approach the problem from every possible angle. Since Lasswell is no Sinophile, he is not oversensitive to Chinese convictions concerning the inviolable unity of their country, defined as conterminous with Chinese culture. Lung-chu Chen is Formosan, and *his* loyalties are clear. Formosa, they argue, has all the requirements for independence. Like the black ghettos in America it is already, in fact, separate. What is needed is to acknowledge that separation. They conclude that the " 'one China, one Formosa' policy, as distinguished from the 'two-Chinas' formula, is the solution offering the greatest promise of clarifying and serving the common interest of the UN, the people of Formosa, the United States, and ultimately the people of mainland China."

At present the overwhelming majority of people on Formosa are being taxed without representation; they watch helplessly as 80 per cent of their government's budget is devoted to the continuation of a civil war in which they have never played any part, and in whose outcome, except as it affects their island, they have no interest. In the words of one Formosan leader, the Nationalist government amounts to no more than a "gigantic hoax . . . detrimental to the world order in general and Far Eastern stability in particular. Domestically . . . the government is no more than a cynical artifice" whose only function is to prolong the "dominance of the KMT minority over the 11 million Formosans." Should Formosa

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assume its place as an independent nation, it would make an "explicit declaration of *de facto* and *de jure* severance from past Chinese internal conflicts" and look toward the establishment of a "sort of non-hostile, if not friendly, relationship [with China], without which the life of Formosa as an independent political entity would be one of chronic precariousness. . . ."

The United States is, in large measure, responsible for the situation Formosans find themselves in today. It brought the KMT administration to Formosa after the war and has supported it militarily, financially and politically ever since—with a brief interruption in 1949-50. We have the power to effect a change, to support, for once, a politically oppressed majority *before* it attempts to gain its rights by slaughter. In the interests of long-term stability in the Far East, for a China policy that has some hope of success, American support for self-determination on Formosa would seem imperative. But America has ignored imperatives before. It is, unhappily, more than likely that we shall do so once more.

LITTLE WATCHDOG OF THE DOLLAR WARRIORS

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Washington

The Renegotiation Board, an already crippled agency that polices war profiteering, will die on June 30 unless Congress renews its license to live. Though it will probably win another reprieve with less supplication than has been necessary in former years, because now more than ever it is needed as an adornment for the war budget, the issue is not merely whether this five-member independent board should survive but whether its former powers should be restored to it, so that it can really keep track of all the riches flowing from where the action is today.

The board is a small beast in the bureaucratic jungle, with low visibility on Capitol Hill, where it has few good friends and has frequently been ambushed by its enemies. A pariah of sorts, it can't roar for attention as other agencies do because (a) its absurdly small budget of $2.5 million a year does not afford a press agent or, to use the euphemism, a public information officer; and (b) like the Internal Revenue Service, it must take a vow of silence about the corporations it duns on behalf of the U.S. Treasury.

The board is sequestered in its own little office building, in a remote corner of downtown Washington. It was discovered there by its current champion, low-ranking Rep. Henry B. Gonzalez, a liberal Democrat from San Antonio, after a chance reference was made to it at a committee hearing on another topic. Gonzalez has since confessed to the House: "At the time, I knew nothing about the board. I have been pained to discover that the same is true of most of my colleagues."

The fact is that the agency is better known to lobbyists than to legislators. The former and their defense contractor clients, whose sales exceed $125 million a day, have felt the board's bite; they fear it still, even though the board has had many teeth pulled and been shrunk drastically in size.

In the wake of Korean War spending, the agency was recovering excess profits at the rate of more than $150 million a year; the figure for the last fiscal year was $15.9 million. Recurring amendments to the Renegotiation Act of 1951 have opened large loopholes in the law, and the board, violating all the laws of bureaucratic respectability, has been withering away. It had 558 employees in 1952 and 742 in 1953. It sank to 639 employees in 1954, 550 in 1955, 466 in 1956 and then by steady decline to 178 in 1967. These are total personnel figures, including board members, not the staffs only of the Washington headquarters but of the two regional offices as well.

On December 31, the agency published its annual Blue Book—a report to Congress which hardly anyone reads. It is terse enough, but the prose is hardly as stimulating as —and of course less comprehensible than—the latest communiqués out of Vietnam. Yet this particular Blue Book would have been especially meaty for the press agent which the Renegotiation Board lacks. For in it the agency, whose reporting runs two years behind because of the time it takes to receive and process contractors' filings, begins to lift the curtain on the costs of stepped-up procurement of Vietnam war materiel. The book is full of indicators that the profitability of defense contracts is escalating, with excess profits also surging.

What is meant by "excess profits"? In a free enterprise economy, the question is often asked and one would expect constant quibbling over it, especially since the renegotiation law is deliberately vague and flexible on the point. But the U.S. tax court has had no trouble with the term. It asserted bluntly in one case: "The word 'excessive' has a generally understood meaning. . . . It means more than is reasonable." And even the contractors, in their quiet and private dealings with the board, appear to have no trouble understanding the phrase. For the record shows that when the board has decided there was profiteering, the corporations agreed nine times out of ten (89.9 per cent of the time, to be exact), to refund money to the U.S. Treasury. There have been 3,375 such cases since the board was established during the Korean War; only 142 cases have been appealed to the tax court. The board

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has won seventy-one of these lawsuits, the court decreased the board's billings in forty others and the rest are pending. One case was that of the Boeing Airplane Co., which stormed into court protesting a finding of excess profits amounting to $9.8 million and slunk out owing $13 million—because the court took a closer look than had the board. (Only those cases that reach the court become known to the public.)

When the board asked Congress in 1966 for a new lease on life, ultimately winning a two-year extension, the House Ways and Means Committee publicly announced it "would be pleased to receive written comments from any interested individuals or organizations." But only foes of the board replied, including such powerful lobbies as the Aerospace Industries Association, National Association of Manufacturers, U.S. Chamber of Commerce, Electronic Industry Association, National Security Industrial Association, American Institute of Certified Public Accountants and Machinery and Allied Products Institute. They insisted that the board serves no legitimate purpose and that it be abolished or further weakened. One reason that an independent agency is not needed to watch for profiteering, they added, is that the Defense Department was already doing this very thing itself as a consequence of the 1962 Truth in Negotiating Act.

This reasoning by the contractors is noteworthy because many of them had opposed a strong "Truth" Act, and because a series of Congressional hearings in 1967, notably those held by Sen. William Proxmire's Joint Economic Committee, disclosed that the Defense Department had never adequately enforced that law. For instance, it took five years for the Pentagon to agree last October, under fire from Proxmire and others, to implement the audit provisions of the "Truth" Act. It is understandable, thus, that defense contractors would rather deal exclusively with the Pentagon (the military half of the military-industrial complex), which had overlooked padded prices totaling countless millions of dollars, than suffer the curiosity of an independent Renegotiation Board.

But as the Vietnamese War was then heating up, the lobbyists deemed it prudent not to press too hard. A *modus vivendi* was reached when they tacitly agreed that the board be allowed to carry on for two more years at its existing level of limited operations. The consideration was that a study would be undertaken by the Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation to determine, among other things, whether "this ancient and antiquated [board] meets today's needs"—a question posed by Rep. Charles S. Gubser (R., Calif.). The same joint committee had published an innocuous study on the subject only four years before. This is the background against which the impending debate will be held.

Corporations are required to file annually with the board if they hold defense or space contracts or deal with certain agencies such as the Atomic Energy Commission —unless the companies qualify for one of the numerous exemptions that have punctured the law in recent years. The filing is a report on that portion of the year's business with the government that remains covered by the Act. It resembles the corporation's income tax return, to which the board legally has access. In this sense, it differs from the accounting that a company is supposed to make under the Truth in Negotiating Act, which is enforced (when it is) on a contract-by-contract rather than on a broad annual basis.

The Renegotiation Act sets forth standards for determining excess profits; it is more liberal than the "Truth" Act in allowing costs to the contractor. Some of the criteria are (*1*) reasonableness of the profits netted on defense contracts, assessed against the normal earnings of the company; (*2*) the extent of financial risk assumed by the corporation and the inventiveness of its product; and (*3*) government assistance to the company in developing the product.

The board's finding of $15.9 million in excess profits in fiscal 1967 was down from $24.5 million the previous year. But the latest Blue Book warns that this comparison could be misleading. It asserts: "Because of the normal time lag between award of a contract . . . and the time required for processing a renegotiation case, the effect of accelerated Vietnam procurement is not reflected [by the $15.9 million]." The annual report also contains indicators which are more current and that point to fat in many Vietnam contracts. For instance:

Corporate filings are screened at board headquarters in Washington, where an overwhelming majority win quick clearance. But when profiteering is suspected, the filing is bounced back to a regional board for renegotiation of profits between the company and board officials. The Blue Book says on this point: "In fiscal 1967, 635 filings were thus assigned, as against 444 in fiscal 1966, an increase of 43 percent. Most of the increase occurred in the last quarter of the fiscal year, when the first filings reflecting the surge of Vietnam procurement were processed. This sharp increase indicated the beginning of an upward trend in the Board's workload."

Also suggestive was the fact that corporations reported $30.3 million in voluntary refunds and price reductions to the board, against $23.2 million in the previous fiscal year. Since these cases were not run through the bureaucratic mill, the contractor having elected to take a short cut, the voluntary figures are regarded as more current and a better reflector of Vietnam spending than the lagging official determinations of the board. Representative Gonzalez and other advocates of a rearmed Renegotiation Board see the voluntary refunds as a crucial element. This money flows back, they contend, because it looks better when the companies cough it up themselves than when they get caught with it later by the board. In fact, Chairman Lawrence E. Hartwig, chosen by the last four Presidents of the United States to sit on the five-member panel, views the agency as a strong inducement to corporate honesty. Though he has no idea how much money is saved by fear of the board, he says that the figure—if known—would dwarf the dollar amounts officially recovered.

The Blue Book shows more companies (20.7 per cent more) reporting profits and fewer companies (20.3 per cent less) claiming losses than in the previous year. Average profit margin of the moneymakers was 4.99 per cent, compared with 4.62 per cent in fiscal 1966. When the

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"loss" companies are figured in, these percentages drop to 3.53 and 3.02. Although this portion of the board's statistics points to only a slight upward trend in profits, the figures are regarded with a great deal of skepticism by the agency. Profit figures, it is argued, are deflated by the many exemptions and allowances in the renegotiation law. Besides, generalizations about the highly diversified defense industry are said to be hazardous. Where there is a monopoly or oligopoly on a sorely needed military item, the deck is stacked in favor of high profits. On the other hand, corporations are generally willing to take a loss for a few years in order to develop a monopoly item, such as a new weapons system.

Representative Gonzalez was perhaps not the first Congressman to discover the Renegotiation Board and its significance for the Vietnamese War, but he was the first to find something to say about it. Last March, he introduced a bill that seeks to return the board to its Korean War strength. Despite a number of speeches on the House floor, he had a difficult time winning attention to his cause until a series of articles appeared last January in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. It was this newspaper which first exposed the Pentagon's "comprehensive lack of compliance" with the Truth in Negotiating Act—a conclusion reached by the Joint Economic Committee—and which has since taken an interest generally in the subject of war profiteering. After the articles appeared Gonzalez won an important ally in Rep. Charles A. Vanik (D., O.), who joined him as a co-sponsor of the bill. Vanik is a member of the Ways and Means Committee; Gonzalez is not. Other Ohioans, including Reps. William E. Minshall of the defense appropriations subcommittee and Jackson E. Betts of Ways and Means (both are Republicans), have been aroused.

The Gonzalez-Vanik legislation has two major provisions to bring more Defense Department purchasing under the jurisdiction of the board. It would require any corporation holding at least $250,000 in renegotiable government contracts to file annually with the agency. This, the Korean War figure, was subsequently raised to $500,000 and then $1 million. (Some lobbyists speak of boosting the exemption again—to $5 million.) The bill also would repeal the so-called standard commercial article exemption that after the Korean War drained away much of the authority the board could have exercised despite the raising of the floor. This dispensation excuses from renegotiation proceedings the purchase of certain products when it can be shown that the contractor sells at least 35 per cent of the item to customers other than the government.

The legislation also would make the board a permanent agency. No longer would it have to implore Congress periodically for authority to survive, for one or two more years, with the lobbyists sharpening their knives in advance. Even should the Vietnamese War end, Gonzalez and Vanik argue, unsettled world conditions and competition in the cold war will sustain a high level of defense and space buying. They cite the impending anti-missile race with Russia as an example.

Even today, the agency has enough staff and other resources to strike at the giants, like Boeing. Measured in terms of large dollar amounts, it is among the top defense contractors that most of the excess profits have been found. But when the number of separate cases is recorded, more instances of profiteering turn up in the less exclusive group just below the giants, where prices may be proportionately just as bloated.

In fiscal 1967 the board examined sales totaling $33.1 billion. The new legislation would permit the board to thumb through an additional $6 billion to $7 billion a year in defense and space contracts. The bill also would triple the number of contractors that come under the board's scrutiny, the figure then shooting up to 11,300 annually. A large share of the board's new "customers" would be subcontractors, now enjoying a boom with the escalation of the war in Vietnam. Because subcontractors, especially on the lower tiers, do not deal directly with Pentagon procurement officers, their pricing policies are not open to the Defense Department, but they would become visible to the board.

Business protests that such legislation would make an octopus of the board, giving it tentacles that would choke what the corporation spokesmen are pleased to refer to as "small business." At a time when the government should be encouraging more competition for defense contracts, the smaller corporations would become strangled by red tape flowing out of costly and pointless confrontations with the Renegotiation Board.

An answer to this argument was given as far back as 1948, when a special Senate investigating committee headed by the late Sen. Owen Brewster (R., Me.) confessed an "error" on its part. It had recommended boosting the filing floor from $100,000 to $500,000 and its proposal was adopted in 1943. "The committee now feels in view of our wartime experience in the administration of the renegotiation laws that this recommendation was a mistake," the panel reported. It explained that most of the complaints received about profiteering during the war were directed at contractors with less than $500,000 worth of contracts, adding: "It was damaging to war morale. . . . It frequently happened that contractors about whom complaints were received were located in small communities where it soon became common knowledge that the contractor was profiting excessively."

Chairman Hartwig told a House appropriations subcommittee last year: "There have been instances where the board has found salaries unreasonable. Our statute ties in with the Internal Revenue Code. We must allow those costs which are good tax deductions. Internal Revenue, of course, can disallow excessive salaries. And so we have on occasion disallowed salaries." Hartwig also warned about the need for keeping track of satellite corporations. He asserted: "Otherwise, an individual could organize four or five companies, each with less than $1 million in renegotiable business (the present minimum required for board review), and escape renegotiation. . . . Chasing down affiliates and subsidiaries is not an easy task, and certainly requires the staff we have. We are down to the bare bones with only twenty-two people in that office."

Congress last year gave the agency the budget request-

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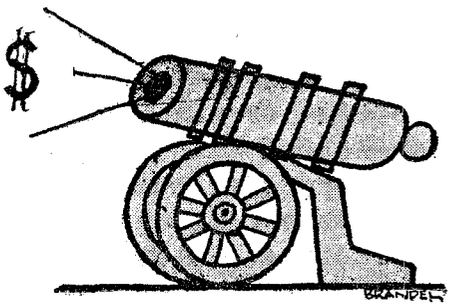
ed for it by President Johnson. The President and Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills (D., Ark.) are the two persons most likely to determine the board's future. Representative Gonzalez sometimes hitches a ride when Mr. Johnson flies to his ranch in Texas. Should the President side with Gonzalez and Vanik, he would find himself in the company not only of some liberals but even a few conservatives—such as hawkish Chairman L. Mendel Rivers (D., S.C.), of the House Armed Services Committee. Defending the board's sniffing on the trail of Defense Department purchases, Rivers once advised the House that the renegotiation agency doesn't "deal in chicken-feed."

"The contractors and subcontractors are big men," he said. "They hire the smartest people on earth to come down here to Washington to sit across the table with some little colonel . . . who may not know exactly everything about a computer. These people can steal you blind, if they want to. That is a fact of life. I know what I am talking about, because I have a subcommittee that looks into this."



ARE INTELLECTUALS OBSOLETE?

J. P. NETTL

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The question has been asked before—in fact it is asked whenever the literate and politically involved community is at loggerheads with the powers that be. Either those in power don't listen, whereupon the intellectual community decamps from Washington, back into the comforts of contemporary academic salaries where available. Such an exodus has taken place since Johnson succeeded Kennedy; a steady, consistent trickle, it is true, rather than a concerted rush, but effective nonetheless. Like all refugees these intellectuals, from Hilsman to Schlesinger, spend their time and brain power telling us how much better things were then than they are now, and how they all left of their own volition when conscience dictated. Or, alternatively, the model of democracy (which at best is always much more a model than a reality) is found wanting. The public, besotted with television and consumer goods, refuses to heed the warnings of the intellectuals. We get gloomy prognostications about the decay of culture and the hedonism of the age.

In both cases, the issue is one of influence. Intellectuals are not bureaucrats; their *raison d'être* is to influence people, to bring about consciously directed change. They tend to dissent when they are not serving the government; cyclically, a new government often sweeps yesterday's dissenters into the positions of influence. Even when a more radical, even total, opposition to existing policies is called for, as with the Vietnamese War, those like Noam Chomsky who address themselves specifically to the conscience of their colleagues have little doubt as to whom they have in mind when they talk about intellectuals: all those who exercise influence over people's minds, who market preferences and choices. Though social scientists have made various attempts over the last hundred years to define the nature and quality of an intellectual, these have usually proved barren conceptual exercises, primarily of interest to other social scientists. We know what a worker or a capitalist is, an academic, a writer, a political activist; but an intellectual is in a way only an occasional phenomenon, not a permanent part of the social scene—something between an ascription of mental excellence and a caricature of impracticability.

Two years ago R. A. Nisbet produced the most recent sociological definition in *Commentary* (December, 1965) —a disinterested pursuer of knowledge, a scholar—and Nisbet contrasted him with academic bureaucrats and wheeler-dealers "who have so profound a distaste for the classroom and for the pains of *genuine scholarship or creative thought* that they will seize upon anything . . . to exempt themselves respectably from each." Intellectuals at least reckon to have no difficulty in recognizing one another as a self-conscious community—and as long as they recognize one another the main purpose of definition is served. As with the Jews, it is self-recognition and mutual recognition that properly establish the community, not the outside opinion of gentiles. This last is anyhow likely to crystallize only in case of hostility. Most of the argument with and among intellectuals concerns attitudes, not the membership of the community. Hardly anyone really questions the existence or relevance of intellectuals, any more than in the past.

I think we should, though. The problem of the intellectual in contemporary America and in other highly industrial and technological societies no longer relates to his position, status and influence but to his very existence. It may be that the intense, even raucous concern of intellectuals with the present state of affairs, in the United States as much as in the Soviet Union, is not

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primarily dissent from particular policies but dissent from a society which is pushing them into the margin of irrelevance, and eroding the very basis of what intellectuals are and do. For one of the most significant factors of the present situation is that intellectuals have no alternative to propose. They are "alienated"—unhappy word that increasingly comes to carry connotations of mental illness instead of the original Marxist meaning of separation leading to failures of perception. As Raymond Aron, a prominent critic of the intellectual masquerading as a critic of *ideology,* puts it: "Radical criticism has abandoned the attempt to rethink the world or to change it. It is simply content to condemn." The point is that this reduction of function is not the fault of intellectuals (the usual accusation); it occurs because certain types of society, among them the modern technological variant, cannot accommodate that complex of roles and attitudes that constitute an intellectual. In this view, an intellectual is no longer to be defined by what he does or even by any psychological disposition toward ideological or utopian modes of thought but by a particular social role which is being destroyed in a modern society.

One can of course simply define intellectuals as those who work with their brains. It is interesting that Soviet and American definitions over the last two or three decades converge in that direction, providing us with an intelligentsia, the existence and extent of which is directly related to education. By transposing intellectuals into intelligentsia, the problem of social role, function or attitude is wiped away; they are simply people with certain qualifications and engaged in given professions, and never mind about their views. It is true that in certain societies of the past the intelligentsia *were* intellectuals. In czarist Russia, as well as Imperial China, there was a close identification between the intelligentsia as an objective social group and the intellectuals as a subjective community distinguished by its critical views and attitudes; but as the educated strata became bigger and society more complex, this identification disappeared. In America and in the Soviet Union today the intelligentsia are by no means necessarily intellectuals, and the intellectuals are sometimes not to be found among the intelligentsia at all.

There are three main components to the definition of an intellectual. In the first place, his concerns tend to be universal. He is not a specialist but one for whom any specialist activity always relates to a whole. He thus necessarily trades in generalizations—at least his views and statements are always intended to be capable of generalization. Here the idea of the intellectual as the conscience of society becomes relevant, for conscience is always universal, does not tolerate contradiction, and lives badly with the qualification of "ifs" and "buts." Second, his concern, and therefore the validation of his activities in the eyes of others, is cultural. He is concerned with the *quality* of life. This is particularly important in specifying the audience he addresses and their reaction to him. As a rule, people will not accept cultural statements by bureaucrats, lawyers, engineers, or even politicians as authoritative, but they will accept them from "intellectuals"—including, if necessary, such scientists, engineers, lawyers and even politicians as qualify for intellectual status. Most don't, a few do.

Finally, an intellectual is always strongly concerned with social and political matters; better, his is a sociopolitical role. This again has only in part to do with himself as a person, and much more with the expectation of others (that is what defines a role). In some societies intellectuals are prominent and important simply because writers and poets as well as politicians and journalists are understood to be involved with political matters quite irrespective of whether or not they specifically intend to address themselves to such matters. In Russia and China the whole context of poetry is traditionally political—which explains the puzzling preoccupation on the part of the authorities with the real meaning of what to outsiders appear perfectly harmless historical allegories or references, as well as the incessant bad habit of putting writers on trial. In England, the opposite is true. Since the English don't have intellectuals (they have the type of *person* but not the *role*) they tend not to recognize them when they see them, or to see intellectuals when they aren't really there. On its gossip back page, that pseudo-intellectual broadsheet for the Sunday literate, *The Observer,* wrote in December, 1967, about Walt W. Rostow, "an intellectual to his fingertips (he was visiting professor at both Oxford *and* Cambridge) . . . the nearest equivalent to Dick Crossman in American political life. . . . Johnson now calls him 'my type of intellectual' . . . a shrewd comment by a State Department colleague [states] Walt to be 'an intellectual who desperately needs to prove he has hair on his chest' . . . he's been called the Rasputin of the latest world empire." No wonder that even the most determined political intention on the part of writers such as Arnold Wesker still does not insure him the slightest political influence. England appears to be one of the societies traditionally inimical to intellectuals, at least since the 18th century—which is why there has been hardly any discussion of the problem of intellectuals or even awareness that there is a problem.

Intellectuals cannot accordingly be defined by any particular professions, attitudes or positions. In some societies poets are intellectuals while politicians are not (the present Soviet Union). In others, both poets and politicians can be intellectuals (the early Soviet Union and France). In yet other cases intellectuals form a distinct and cohesive social group with generally similar political attitudes, as in the United States. In America it is senseless to speak of any professions or activities as qualifying automatically for intellectual status; we have some poets as well as scientists who are intellectuals, others who are not.

Being an intellectual is a composite role, or rather a complex of individual roles. His concern with universality is directly opposed to the solid boundaries of professionalization in modern societies, where it is more and more accepted that no one can speak with authority on any subject other than his own—and must present impersonal evidence of qualification to boot. In modern industrial

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society culture itself is no longer a total entity accessible to all those who matter but has been subdivided into high, middle and low cultures, each with its own values and autonomous means of supply and gratification. Hence the intellectual must necessarily lose the cultural validation his role requires. Above all the professionalization of politics, with democracy coming to mean little more than a process of formulating different group interests and eventually adjudicating among them, severely inhibits the intellectual's influence in that area. Who cares about universal generalities when the whole is merely an abstraction summarizing the different parts? The word "ought" has little meaning nowadays except when backed by powerfully organized demands.

It is a sociological rule that complexity of social or economic organization is reflected by differentiation of roles and functions and that this in turn leads to specialization. Sociologists as far back as Comte and Durkheim predicted that societies would become "modern" in the sense of existing in the abstract view of the observer rather than in the consciousness of the members themselves. For the well-known shift from community to society implies a less well-known shift in consciousness: from a sense of common identity with a perceived whole to an impersonal bond tying individuals to an abstraction, membership in which has increasingly to be specified by laws and asserted by symbols like Thanksgiving Day or flag-waving week. In Europe this march of abstract modernity still struggles against the deeply embedded tradition of cultural homogeneity and social continuity with the past, a continuity and a homogeneity that have not been lessened by periods of severe political and social conflict.

But in America there is no such tradition to struggle against; even many of the conflicts of American history had and have an air of random collision in a vacuum. Every large-scale political unit in America is an artifact, defined primarily by its laws and its government, rather than by cultural cohesion or community; not least the United States itself. American society is an abstraction. That is why the American intellectual has had to create a group or community of intellectuals for himself if he is to survive at all in the absence of a valid cultural community within which to exercise his persuasive talents. And that is why only in America does a situation arise in which intellectuals as a group are either with (or in) the Administration or against and outside it. Bureaucratization is as great a threat for intellectuals in America as it was in the Soviet Union, though for very different reasons. In the Soviet Union, the party even today must still do battle against a deeply embedded tradition of intellectual influence. It bureaucratizes the intellectuals with a mixture of rewards and threats. In the United States the absorption process has been much easier. For bureaucratization always means particularization, the destruction of universality and utopia, the substitution of power for influence. In the words of Lionel Trilling, "In the American metaphysic, reality is always material. It is always material reality. It is hard, resistant, unformed, impenetrable and unpleasant. And that mind alone is felt to be trustworthy which most resembles this reality by most nearly reproducing the sensations it affords."

The dilemma of the intellectual is simple but complete. He can accept integration as some kind of specialist into a society too complex to be explained, understood or predicted as a whole. He may be taken in and used as some kind of professional—scientist, writer, poet or whatever—or even as an intellectual. In that last capacity modern society expects him self-consciously to deal with cultural minutiae and to have access, whether academic or via the mass media, to limited, high-culture audiences (the Third Programme in England serves precisely this function of "taking in" intellectuals *qua* intellectuals). Or if that solution does not attract, he can reject modern society as a whole without necessarily being able to posit an alternative. This means rejecting not one community for another, one policy for a different policy, one ideology for a counter-ideology, but denying the validity of modern scientific and technological society altogether. With the first alternative the intellectual accepts the reduction or melting down of his role to something much humbler, smaller and more precise: membership in the intelligentsia pure and simple. If he chooses the second, he puts himself outside the mainstream of modern development and makes himself appear eccentric. Above all he risks becoming isolated and irrelevant.

These two alternatives approximately describe the plight of American as well as Russian intellectuals today. The situation of the last three decades or more in the United States, when intellectuals on the whole supported and worked for Democratic administrations, while opposing and withdrawing from Republican ones, now no longer applies. A much more profound cleavage has opened up between intellectuals and modern society. The Vietnamese War has been an effective but not essential factor in this process of polarization; it would have happened anyway, albeit less dramatically or suddenly. Whether intellectuals are situated in universities, edit journals, or even run scientific laboratories, the choice is between dissenting from or supporting modernity as mirrored—give or take a little either way—by contemporary American society and its extension into Europe and elsewhere. What makes it so hard is the fact that in either case the decision is "anti-intellectual" in that it melts down the vital combination of the intellectual's role, the very basis of his social existence. Silence is a possible alternative, but silence for how long? A silent intellectual is a loser in any case.

The fact that a modern society critically poses the question of the intellectual's very existence can be demonstrated by reference to two areas in which he has always been intensely concerned. The first is that of social analysis. It has always been the intellectual's task graphically to characterize the society in which he lives, to separate essentials from trivia, and to arrange these essentials in some kind of meaningful order. To dissent one needs to know what to dissent from and why. Even at a time when specialization in the economy was growing apace (and the idea of it certainly dates back to Adam Smith in the 18th century, if not beyond), the analysis

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of society was still primarily the task of intellectuals seeking universal explanations. It is significant that modern, particularly American, society has created a substitute to fill this *locus classicus* of intellectual activity—sociology. The peculiar American contribution to sociology was to transform an essentially critical approach with strictly universal reference, as practiced in Europe, into a pragmatic and above all professionally specialist discipline that seeks to measure itself, not with the great philosophers of the past but with the methodologically qualified professions of the natural sciences a block away in the same university.

By grasping the traditional subject matter of intellectual concern and making of it yet another professional specialization, sociology offers a direct challenge to the intellectual. Its claim to be "value-free" is interesting, not so much because it succeeds or fails but because it is the only road to legitimation as a science. Much sociology is of course frankly parochial and concerned with minuscule phenomena. But even its more wide-ranging theoretical perspectives are increasingly based on the reinterpretation of reality in scientific or systematic terms. The fundamental nature of modern reality is less and less in dispute, and attempts or claims on the part of sociology to change it do not even arise. Prediction in modern sociology has no longer anything to do with the counterposing of alternatives which might be attained by conscious action, but consists merely of extrapolating existing trends on the assumption that the future is simply more of the present. American sociology is thus exceedingly supportive of the here-and-now, which it characterizes as modernity. The fact that it deals in abstract societies rather than real communities, in abstract functions rather than real actions, in variables rather than alternatives, and in structures rather than relationships, demonstrates that the modern reality which sociology underpins is itself abstract rather than tangible, scientific instead of desirable, but no less effective for all that. Modern society and its scientific handmaiden sociology state their own terms of reference to such an extent that arguments can be discussed only in the context of their own abstractions; to reject them and return to older, more ethical methods of discourse is to be accused of rejecting modernity itself.

There is much critical debate within sociology as to whether it should be so directly supportive of modern bureaucratic control, whether it should not seek major changes by emphasizing dissatisfactions, strains and conflicts in modern society. But in spite of these considerable differences within the profession, the area of possible dissent has become substantially narrower than it was before social scientists began to replace intellectuals as social analysts and critics. For one thing, all discussion of the future—the very heart of intellectual concerns—is based on an immediate future rather than a distant one, pragmatism rather than utopia. For another, continuing technological change and scientific advance are accepted by all sociologists as inevitable and irreversible; the better a sociological analysis can accommodate the impact of technology and science on society, the more seriously it will be taken. Thus the problem of choice in sociology has been greatly reduced. Whether critics or supporters of given policies or administrations, social scientists in any case put themselves forward as the direct heirs of the intellectual tradition; indeed they often tend to regard themselves as today's intellectuals. As Edward Shils has stated ("The Intellectuals and the Future," *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, October, 1967):

> The critical and solicitous care for the whole in the proximate future must be the charge which American intellectuals take on themselves, if American society is not to become the victim of the parochial preoccupations of specialized technological experts. If academic social scientists and free-lance publicists or amateur social scientists are not critics on behalf of the whole society over the reasonably foreseeable future, no one else will be.

Social scientists have become institutionalized (hence bureaucratized) to an extent that makes effective dissent quite difficult. In Europe this institutionalization was itself traditional (i.e., "pre-modern") and did not coincide with the boundaries of influence of the universities. A German professor might lose his job through political deviance but there was usually a political group to accommodate him instead, while in France the academic establishment has traditionally almost been reserved to the political opposition, over the last forty years specifically to the Communists. In any case the European combination of cultural community and conflict-ridden unintegrated society over the last hundred years did not entail any contradiction between academic attainment and the strongest political and social dissent. Exile—the traditional refuge of the dissenting European intellectual—did not inhibit opposition but facilitated it.

In the all-embracing cosmos of a modern society, on an American or Russian scale, exile is virtually impossible and politics no longer a viable alternative to academic position. The very institutional autonomy of American universities within society modifies and decreases the effectiveness of dissenting academics. What happens within universities does not spill over into society at large as easily as in Europe, where academic institutions are far more directly controlled and integrated. Besides, it is quite difficult to dissent fundamentally in the present liberal atmosphere of American universities, on a high salary and with easy access to research funds which gush from the rich earth like oil. The restrictions seem painless: say what you like, write what you like, but don't be fool enough to try to roll back modernity. No wonder intellectuals accept the honorable pension of specialization as scientists and institutionalization as professors, and quickly turn against the students when these move on from denouncing Washington to criticizing curricula and faculty authority. "At this point," says Nathan Glazer, "the university brings nothing of its own to the discussion and understanding of our problems. Students merely become propagandists and recruiters."

But the future does not look wholly bleak for these intellectuals turned social scientists. In the United States sociologists are beginning to voice demands to participate in the setting of goals as well as the selection of means, in the processing of information and not only the humble gathering of data. As the history of Project Camelot

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showed, the stirrings of conscience (and they are only stirrings at present) about the sponsorship of research is very much part and parcel of a concern over the use of, and control over, the interpretation of research findings. Of course this demand to participate takes place well within the framework of an unquestioned, fully internalized modernity. Even though intellectuals are being replaced by social scientists in the role of authoritative analysts of society, this role change does not in itself prevent the individual intellectual from *becoming* a social scientist—providing he accepts the thinning out and limiting of his role. What he may lose in the process, however, is the respect of the embattled community of surviving intellectuals, fighting its rear-guard action to uphold intellectual standards like the Byzantines against the Turks; no profession is held in as much contempt among intellectuals as sociology.

The other area of traditional intellectual concern is social action. Here the intellectual is being outflanked, if not indeed directly replaced. I have long believed that the distinction between men of intellect and men of action is almost certainly false; Christ and Lenin between them have disproved it over a span of nearly 2,000 years. The chances of effective action by intellectuals depend more on circumstances and social situation than on any natural predisposition or psychological make-up. In most revolutionary situations intellectuals have been prominent; even when, like Robespierre, they have not themselves been activists, they have prescribed the parameters of action. The real difference is between intellectuals and bureaucrats, between men of ideas and men of hierarchical power.

But in a situation in which dissent tends to become the negation of abstract modernity, of modern society as such, without any alternative, action loses its remedial purpose, becomes a means without an end. Instead of the clash of ideological alternatives, we now have limited social or political action directed to particular demands and issues —which hardly merit the name of intellectual dissent— or else we have action per se. And though there has recently been a good deal of action per se in the United States and Germany (to mention only two societies) it has significantly not been accompanied by any intellectual expression or support. It is action without benefit of ideology, without any detailed exposition of a case, based on antipathy alone. D. G. MacRae, a well-known if entirely self-appointed interpreter of intellectual attitudes in England (also, incidentally, wedded to the misconception that an intellectual must be a "neutral" scholar and preferably a sociologist) laments the retreat from "the written word" by those who no longer "wish to learn what economics, political science, etc., genuinely have to give" and "repudiate them for passionate commitments."

Even those few who speak for the rejectors of modern society do so without offering alternatives:

> In many ways the situation (but not the political theory) of the Russian anarchists at the turn of the century prefigures the contemporary situation. Then the world of Russia *seemed* like the whole world but there was, strictly speaking, an alternative beyond the borders of Russia . . . today there is no alternative. The world is a single unit and it has become intolerable.

The writer is John Berger, and his thoughts were triggered off by reflections on the death of Che Guevara. The only form of dissociation from the intolerable modern world, Berger suggests, is the deliberate risk of death—with your eyes open:

> His envisaged death is no longer the measure of a servant's loyalty, nor the inevitable end of an heroic tragedy. The eye of death's needle has been closed—there is nothing to thread through it, not even a future (unknown) historical judgment. Provided that he makes no transcendental appeal and provided that he acts out of the maximum possible consciousness of what is knowable to him, his envisaged death has become the measure of the parity which can now exist between the self and the world; *it is the measure of his total commitment* and his total independence.

The intellectual is reduced, not only to action per se but to the attainment of independence only by such an individual commitment to self-liberation. And how few intellectuals can take this particular path.

This is a curious irony. Those who for the last ten years have triumphantly proclaimed the end of ideology have really deduced a disinterest in revolution from the absence of valid revolutionary ideologies; the end of ideology is essentially a quietist doctrine of popular satisfaction. Though these prophets may have been correct as regards ideology, they have been wrong as regards action. There may be quietism but there is little or no quiet. But not only these supportive sociologists were wrong; the intellectuals were left way behind. A recent commentator on Germany has firmly chastised the intellectuals for their inability to cope with the current activist scene:

> What we are faced with today [in Germany] is not communism but revolution. . . . It was not the writers who narrowed the alternative down to such an extreme . . . it was not the writers but the students who first faced up to the alternative and who bear its scars. In the Berlin police pogroms in the summer of this year [1967] the first nuclei of a revolutionary-minded opposition were formed, and it is the students who have begun to build up a political underground press. . . . As for the intellectuals, who for the past twenty years have felt themselves to be the exponents of a radical opposition, the majority of them have a long way to go before they realize the extent either of their defeat *or* of the political demands which will be made on them in years to come.

In the United States one finds the same widening gap between intellectuals and activists. Neither student protest in American universities nor the militant movement among the urban Negroes is capable of "intellectualization" in the classical sense. It appears that these movements do not seek intellectual support or articulation; that is why the exponents of black power or the student leaders are so difficult to argue with—though the latter at any rate still claim to be seeking verbal confrontation. To refer to them merely as alienated, however, makes no sense either, since to be meaningful alienation posits a notion of eventual and significant reinterpretation. The question should rather be whether the non- or even anti-intellectualism of these phenomena is due to the nature

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of the movements (as most conservative and Pop sociologists claim), or to the failure or inability of intellectuals to carry out their function of articulating dissent. If the latter, is this a personal failure on the part of a particular generation of intellectuals (as so much liberal intellectual self-criticism suggests), or is it a deeper generic problem connected with the nature of modern society, as I believe? In any case it would seem that the action component of traditional intellectual dissent is being filched away from intellectuals, as also their function of social analysis. The students who flourish Régis Debray's *Revolution in the Revolution?* carry, not a thoroughly up-to-date version of Marxism but a technical handbook on how to win (or not to win) guerrilla warfare in the South American jungle. What they ask for is not a blueprint for an American utopia but an equivalent handbook for urban North America—at least for purposes of discussion and study.

Everything changes over time: there is no reason why we should necessarily lament the passing of a social type or role in a changing society. The all-purpose intellectual as the conscience of society may have come to the end of his historic role; a complex abstraction does not possess a conscience. Dissent concerned with individual issues and group interests will of course continue; protest, disagreement, competition and demands will not grow less in quantity. But can modern society continue to bring forth dissent based on universal perspectives which carries conviction and has popular appeal whether or not it can be accommodated to existing parties and translated into going social terms? Above all can such dissent be related to action?

The first of these questions is the crucial one. If the classic intellectual type, with his essentially humanistic background, ceases to be socially meaningful in an increasingly scientific or technological society, may we not expect a new generation of critics to emerge from within the scientific community itself? Science has its own universalities; a scientific revolution, like a social or political revolution, consists of the overthrow and replacement of established systems. Hence there is a possibility—to put it no higher—that a scientific society will produce its fundamental scientific dissenters. This is no mere tautology. Hardly any of our politicians, writers or intellectuals —nor even social scientists, for that matter—have the slightest idea what science is about. They all criticize and discuss it from without. But this solution would produce its own problems. We know that economics, the most scientific of the social sciences, is called dismal precisely because its "iron" laws subordinate people and their wishes or needs to the eternal acquisition of scarce values. On the other hand, we also know that some of the most unregenerately and determined humanistic perspectives, like those of Marx, have arisen from within economics, by taking its laws at face value and going on from there. It may well be that some of the social and political dissatisfactions expressed from time to time by scientists indicate not a retreat from scientific perspectives but a nascent impatience with the unscientific or pseudo-scientific application of science and technology to and within society.

Sociology may have a crucial role to play here. The fact that at present the scientific status of sociology is directly related to its support of what is as though it could be no different, may be merely a sign of its immaturity as a discipline. When (and if) we reach a genuinely transformative sociology, a universal critique of existing society may become possible for sociologists. It will have to be based on an understanding of both science and technology—not as dark presences before which to bow like primitive worshipers of lightning and water but as manipulable variables capable of control in various directions. The level of choices would then be upped from small and particular decisions to great and universal ones; societies must be shown to be capable of fundamental reordering in terms of their existing and future technology. Above all, the abstract society will have to be retransformed into a new form of cultural community to which people belong by virtue of a feeling or perception of participation, instead of the present residual membership which consists of holding a passport and reading about oneself in sociological analyses as some kind of social unit.

Translating the dissent of such neo-intellectuals into effective action will require changes in our political and social processes, the nature of which it is quite beyond me to predict. At the moment politics in modern societies are drifting among the exigencies of external and internal demands, with no indication of purpose or direction. It seems to be part of the modern political condition that our rulers prefer to exaggerate the sense of helplessness, thus making legitimate the inexorable demands which the objective situation forces on us, rather than to face the need for disagreeable choice. According to President Johnson, peace in Vietnam entirely depends not on the most powerful society of the world but on one of the smaller, weaker ones, The logic of modernity in that case implies that the weaker one is, the more choices one apparently has—for one has less to lose. But I suspect that political and social processes can always be found to express existing needs, given sufficient pressure. We need a replacement for the almost extinct role of the humanist intellectuals before we need to worry about their means of making their influence effective. Even if they fail in this, their very existence will pose a continuing threat to their society as it has always done in the past.

Of course none of this *need* happen. We may well continue to drift; instead of a firm chorus of intellectual dissent there will be only isolated and conflicting squeaks which will cancel one another. But in that case we must not be surprised if what is increasingly called anomic action, based on wholesale rejection of the present, continues to suppurate among the young, the poor, the underprivileged. What characterizes this action is lack of ideas. The recommendation to be constructive, with which so-called decent and reasonable people are forever bludgeoning the dissenters, the protesters, the sitters-down and the brandishers of torches, may buy off the intellectuals, but it will not buy off the activists. Hence the liberal canon of more of what we have at present cannot solve their problem.

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LBJ'S RIOT COMMISSION

THE FACT-FINDING CHARADE

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Washington

On the night of July 27—at the height of last summer's tragic urban rioting—President Johnson gravely informed the television audience: "We have endured a week such as no nation should live through: a time of violence and tragedy." Then, to "prevent or contain" future disasters, he named his eleven-member bipartisan President's Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders.

In terms of "containment," Mr. Johnson also instructed Defense Secretary McNamara to post new riot-control training standards to the National Guard, whose performance in Newark was needlessly brutal. And, to strengthen prevention, he set aside the following Sunday as a national day of worship.

The President's concerns were well founded. From Newark to Watts, the ghettos were ablaze—and more fires were to come—107 outbursts of varying intensity in just one summer. Detroit, portions of which resembled bombed-out Berlin, contained $1 billion worth of charred, ruined property, and the dead numbered forty-three. In Newark, twenty-six died, 1,200 were injured, 1,300 arrested and property damage amounted to $10 million.

To head his panel, (promptly dubbed the "riot commission") the President picked the loyal, amiable Democratic Governor of Illinois, Otto Kerner. New York's Republican Mayor John Lindsay was named vice chairman; four other members were drawn from Congress, and one each from labor, business, state government, law enforcement and the civil rights movement. Two of the group, Sen. Edward Brooke (R., Mass.) and NAACP Executive Secretary Roy Wilkins are Negro moderates.

Even before it went to work, the commission was attacked by responsible Negro leaders who grumbled that the White House already knew the "why" and "how" of riots and had only to invest its treasure on an unprecedented scale. (As early as 1963, the National Urban League had appealed for a domestic Marshall Plan to remake "seething ghetto cauldrons" into habitable communities. This prophetic warning of unrest went unheeded, as did later appeals by A. Philip Randolph for a "Freedom Budget" and two like requests made at the June, 1966, White House Conference on Civil Rights by CORE's Floyd McKissick and NAACP's Herbert Hill.)

It was the White House conference, widely scorned as a semantic exercise, that produced the first public disenchantment of black leaders with the Administration's sluggish anti-poverty pace. Their suspicion that the new riot panel would be another do-nothing body was increased by a *New York Times* report alleging that Mr. Johnson had tried to talk Mayor Lindsay and Pittsburgh's Mayor Barr out of convening the first "Urban Coalition" meeting in Washington, lest it take the play from the Presidential board. The mayors denied the tale but, as one NEA dispatch noted, Negro leaders felt the President's "institutionalized efforts to deal with racial turbulence, through first the White House Conference and now the Commission, are designed mainly to take some of the political heat out of the issue."

Even though President Johnson told his panel, "this matter is far, far too important for politics," the business press early raised cries of "manipulation." *The Wall Street Journal* hinted that Governor Kerner did not operate unguided by Chicago's powerful Mayor Richard J. Daley, and quoted one Kerner detractor who branded him "a namby-pamby cream puff." Other voices, overlooking the appointment of sociologists to do commission staff work, criticized the White House for failing to name a sociologist to the board, calling it too inexperienced, too unresponsive and incapable of a blue-ribbon in-depth investigation."

Ignoring these slurs, the commission set up shop. David Ginsburg, a liberal attorney with good marks as a Johnson booster, was made executive director. By September, his hastily assembled staff of ninety-eight professionals and half as many office helpers was packed into a narrow government building just up 16th Street from the White House. Difficulties quickly beset it, some deriving from instructions given it to present an interim report by March 1, 1968, and a final report by July 29.

These deadlines did not allow time for careful selection of personnel. Black and brown faces were noticeably absent from policy-making jobs. Ginsburg and his deputy, Victor H. Palmieri, worked hard "but they just don't know Negroes," one veteran government observer mourned. On one occasion, Palmieri (on leave from the presidency of a land development company) told a California Tomorrow conference that Negroes should be resettled in "new black suburban towns." This *gaffe,* which might have come from the editorial page of *Muhammad Speaks,* was slapped down by another panelist, Negro Assemblyman Willie Brown, who said he preferred San Francisco, thank you.

Lack of time was also reflected in the quality of staff work. A six-man team spent just three days in Dayton quizzing city officials. After spending ninety minutes with the group, Mayor Dave Hall remarked, "They're just groping for answers as we are." Persistent reports say staff investigators got nowhere in their talks with militants, who dubbed it "the fink commission." Instead of using the findings of the FBI, Ginsburg's staff recklessly ate up time and money retracing old ground.

Obviously unaware of these goings-on, Katherine Peden, Kentucky Commerce Commissioner and a member of the President's commission, told an audience in her state, "the commission feels no need for additional research," but would take what had "already been done to provide a program of action." About the same time,

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Lindsay pledged that the staff would use "every research device known to man." And, even though J. Edgar Hoover last August 1 scotched rumors that a nation-wide conspiracy underlay the riots, Kerner hired CIA veteran Milan C. Miskovsky "to supervise inquiries into whether planning or conspiracy was involved." Not only did Ginsburg's gumshoes, by Kerner's admission, fail to find any plotting but their main contribution as to causes was the same tired record of "jobs, housing and education." This prompted Kerner on September 25 to tell the *Chicago Tribune*: "I've listened a lot and not heard anything new."

The manner of its funding was a third brake on commission performance. Lacking a budget of its own, it got a $100,000 dole from the President's Emergency Fund and contributions of $150,000 each from six federal agencies. This was hardly "all the support and cooperation" which the White House had led it to believe it would get.

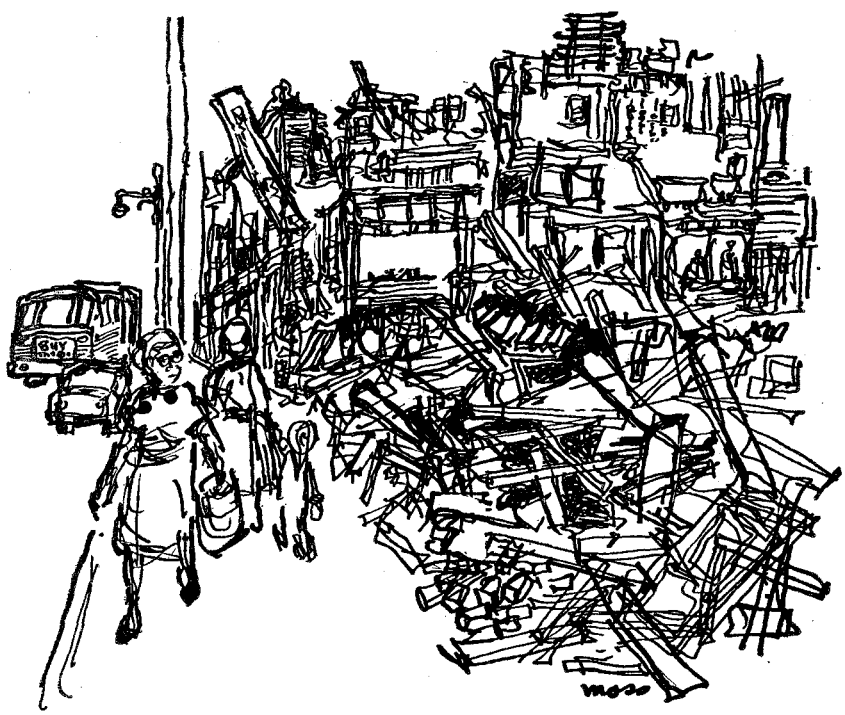
In mid-December, morale was rocked by the firing of nineteen academicians who had thought they were retained for a year. Simultaneously, forty other staffers were told that their services would be terminated February 1. Commission press officer Alan Spivak put out the word that the dismissals were routine "administrative phasing out," but it was a fact that Ginsburg, struggling to pare costs, did not have to request a supplemental appropriation.

Some of those dropped claimed that Ginsburg had swung the ax because of their political views, not from budgetary concerns. Precisely what happened is the subject of some dispute, but the best information is that those cut had favored a strong condemnation of white racism and had urged sweeping and costly proposals to rectify ghetto ills, including a guaranteed annual wage. Such views were set forth in a 180-page staff paper, "Harvest of Racism," by Harvard sociologist Gary T. Marx and others. It conceded that riots had a positive aspect if all legitimate channels of expression were clogged by racism and if the violence goaded municipalities into overdue reforms.

To reporters' suggestions that Ginsburg had suppressed "Harvest of Racism" on White House orders, Kerner bristled, "I don't know how the White House could ask us to tone it up or down—they haven't seen it." But the *New York Post* reported that his staff had checked in with White House Press Secretary George Christian and special aide Joseph A. Califano, Jr. Scoring the Administration for "phasing out the panel before its work is completed," Rep. William F. Ryan (D., N.Y.) insisted:

> The commission's staff has reached the conclusion that vast sums of money must be expended to even make a dent on our impacted urban problem, and that this is viewed as politically inopportune. . . . The expenditure of $30 billion a year on war has created a climate where a Presidential commission must be muffled, lest it recommend a national effort of equal importance.

If far-reaching solutions to the riots seemed to be foundering, the commission early made public two recommendations of the "crime in the streets" variety: it urged the desegregation and beefed-up training of National Guard units, and a series of high-level parleys on riot control for city officials, particularly police chiefs, conducted by the Justice Department. Ghetto dwellers began to feel they were getting the message and soon branded the "riot commission" anti-Negro. Thus, when Mayor Lindsay and Senator Harris arranged to meet fifteen Black Nationalists in a top-secret session in a Midwestern slum, their conferees arrived dressed in African shirts, togas and neck amulets, refused to shake hands, and accused the two commissioners or "wasting our time." Predicting that the next riots would spawn guerrilla



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raids on public utilities and urban expressways, the group stalked out.

To improve their grasp of the urban crisis, the commission heard in closed session no fewer than 130 witnesses and amassed a pile of testimony higher than a tenement roof, much of it painfully familiar to sociologists. Illustrations: Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., pleads for $20 billion a year for twenty years from Washington; Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty dubs federal grants "the quickest way to avert urban disorders"; historian Lerone Bennett accuses America of "a double standard of justice"; Mayor Thomas Whelan of Jersey City pins the riots on "agitators"; University of Michigan sociologist Albert Reiss says Northern slum cops can be bigots; Omaha black militant Ernie Chambers says the cop is "a paid and hired murderer"; AFL-CIO President George Meany calls for a million federal jobs (but bristles when counsel Merle McCurdy asks him about Jim Crow in the building trades); Father James Groppi says Milwaukee federal aid should be cut as long as racist housing persists; and Mayor Maier, who knows sacrilege when he hears it, labels Groppi a "grandstander."

From the closed hearings, reporters were leaked the hardly sensational tale that "the unresponsiveness of city governments," not conspiracy, had triggered the riots. Though Spivak branded the leaks "speculative" and "premature," the panel, willy-nilly, pinned the tail on the municipal donkey. (Newark is "a dead city," one newsman was told; but Kerner's ally, the Mayor of Chicago, was hailed for "a first-rate job" of getting block captains to hear grievances.) Incidentally, few will bet that the commission's March 1 report will come down as hard on the "unresponsiveness of the federal government." Instead, the Administration's shortcomings are apt to be passed off with Kerner's cliché about "making federal aid more effective." *New York Times* correspondent Tom Wicker summed up the "leak" neatly:

> The commission's inquiries have left no doubt that the Negro ghetto is at the end of the line in every respect. Its garbage is collected least efficiently and often, snow remains longer on its streets, the police are less solicitous of its residents and their security, much less their civil rights and liberties, its schools are the worst and its housing is abominable.

Armed with this belated intelligence, the commissioners could not agree on meaningful corrective steps. However, Kerner disclosed that owing to the "urgency" of the urban crisis, the commission would combine the "interim report" and the final report (it had been planned for release in May) into one combined effort to be issued March 1, "ahead of schedule."

Skeptics charge that, issued in March, the "final" report will come too late to influence the Presidential budget for fiscal 1969—splattered as it is with red ink for Vietnam. They say the March date comes early enough to shower cooling promises of relief on ghetto dwellers, but fear that such pledges are unlikely to carry price tags that might upset white taxpayers in an election year.

Just how far the commissioners will go toward the shaping of concrete, dollars-and-cents proposals remains conjecture. Reportedly, they split along liberal-conservative lines over whether (*1*) the government should become the employer of last resort; (*2*) money should be put directly into the hands of the poor; (*3*) ghetto public schools should be decentralized; (*4*) "community corporations" should be set up to let ghetto dwellers govern themselves; and (*5*) the white suburban housing noose should be loosened by federal edict.

These items are being worked on at the eleventh hour to avoid a minority report. Spokesmen for the Congressmen on the panel vigorously affirm their freedom to act without Presidential constraint, and one booster of Mayor Lindsay, who has led the liberal wing in the deliberations, has said: "He isn't in anybody's pocket. He'll say what he likes." However, under the direction of consultant Kermit Gordon, president of the Brookings Institution and a "Johnson Fellow," the final draft is said to have been watered down to a dilution acceptable to conservatives Peden, McCullough and Thornton.

Washington observers believe that whatever its philosophic view and educational value, the panel will have little, if any, immediate effect on riots. They say the nation requires more than the "education" which staffers claim the report will provide. The hot summer, they note, has already dawned—three students were killed and thirty-four other persons injured during February riots sparked by attempts to integrate a bowling alley snack bar in Orangeburg, S.C.

Moreover, the commission failed to denounce the elaborate preparations under way in many police departments to suppress new riots with armed cars and guns that fire explosive bullets.

In the hope of warding off such violence, which the President on February 12 conceded is unavoidable ("all we can do is the best we can with the resources we have"), Dr. King is mapping a massive, nonviolent crusade to tie up Washington next April. King's goal is to win for the anti-poverty war the critical sums which the advisory panel is liable to overlook. He sees his drive as the last chance to douse smoldering rebellions through affirmative steps. If the Presidential panel prescribes such remedies, and Congress swiftly implements them, fewer clashes might erupt this summer. But it is a slender hope that the commission will recommend a massive plan of action. As columnist Clayton Fritchey observed, the commission's real purpose has been "to stall while giving the appearance of doing something." If that was what the President wanted, he has succeeded admirably. Added to the heaps of recommendations left over from the White House conference of 1966 will be the slapdash multi-phased generalizations of the riot commission of 1968—President Johnson's $1-million charade.

Coming Next Week

JAPAN AND THE UNITED STATES

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Portrait of the Artist in Middle Age

GIACOMO JOYCE. *By James Joyce. Edited by Richard Ellmann. The Viking Press. 64 pp. 4 full-scale facsimilies, 12 reduced facsimiles. Limited edition. $10.*

ANTHONY BURGESS

Mr. Burgess is an English critic, novelist and author of many books of which the latest published in the United States is The Novel Now. *He is also the author of* Re Joyce, *a study of James Joyce (both W. W. Norton.)*

To Joyce a name was always a kind of hat—the soft kind a low comedian might wear, to be pulled down over the ears, bashed, battered, karate-dented, feather-duster-plumed, inverted, colandered with bullet holes. In *Ulysses*, Bloom becomes Boom, Stoom, Bloohoom and a whole paragraph of anagrams. In *Finnegans Wake*, Shem the Penman (the author himself) is everything from Shun the Punman to Shame's Voice. When, in his Trieste days, James temporarily became Giacomo, it was no mere chameleon-assimilation to his background: there was always a comic point to the onomastic madhatterdom. Ever since Giacomo Casanova, a Giacomo has been an extravagant or pretentious lover. In the middle of the road of his life, the expatriate Irishman, proved author but not yet famous, pseudo-husband and genuine father, teacher, toper and ragged dandy, conceived a sad passion for a pretty girl. It was a passion not to be discharged in the respectable Trieste of 1914: its only catharsis was a literary one. Hence this tiny book.

It is late in being published, but we cannot complain. It is not really a part of the serious Joyce *oeuvre*—an essay in private onanism, rather, and at the same time one of those portals of discovery that Stephen Dedalus talked about, ten years earlier, in the Dublin National Library. It is no mere scrapbook, however: Joyce wrote it out fair, and the meticulous holograph is reproduced in this volume. He evidently saw much merit in it, but not enough to save it from his own pillaging. Its literary, as opposed to biographical, interest lies in its being the source of some of the ironical fine writing in *A Portrait* and *Ulysses*. Richard Ellmann, who has edited it and given it a perceptive, though certainly over-laudatory, introduction, shows in his notes how far Joyce drew on it for his great public literature. This was the middle of one road, but it was the start of another. *Giacomo Joyce* is indeed the "discovery of a new form of imaginative expression."

In his superb biography of Joyce, Ellmann gave us a few fragments of this small work, together with a considerably full account of the palpitations which occasioned it. Joyce earned his living in Trieste by teaching English, and the unattainable beloved was one of his pupils. He went to her house on the Via San Michele to give her lessons, and any shy man who has worked as private tutor to an attractive girl will know the special tantalizings of such a relationship—the nearness and farness, the opportunities for hopeless physical contemplation, the piquancy of desires which are near incestuous, the intimacy which touches everything except the erotic. *Experto crede.*

Joyce describes her, and his own feelings, in hot, quick gushes of poetic prose, separated by ample blank spaces which suggest the languor of recovery after self-indulgence. "Who? A pale face surrounded by heavy odorous furs. Her movements are shy and nervous. She uses quizzing-glasses." She is Jewish. "Rounded and ripened: rounded by the lathe of intermarriage and ripened in the forcing-house of the seclusion of her race." The preoccupation with Jewesses, exotic, mysterious, promising a voluptuousness far beyond the meager bestowings of suburban Catholic colleens—this is a theme that goes back to "A Little Cloud" in *Dubliners* and achieves a reconciliation with availability in Molly Bloom, who is both exotic and home grown. Joyce's observation has a kind of delirious acuity: "The long eyelids beat and lift: a burning needleprick stings and quivers in the velvet iris." But fancy supervenes (the fancy of Bloom in Nighttown) in "Papa and the girls sliding downhill, astride of a toboggan: the Grand Turk and his harem." The reality of desire is purged in mock romanticism, even in mock Wardour Street: "There is one below would speak with your ladyship . . . . Hillo! Ostler! Hilloho! . . . Nay, nay, be not afraid!"

Is the mockery of middle-aged lust sufficient? Hardly. Its enclosure by the gentle derision of the title and the Dedalan sneer of the *envoi*—"Love me, love my umbrella"—is not appropriate to the *mezzo del cammin*; they are, in fact, relevant only to the awkward, arrogant young man of ten years earlier. Nearly all the pillagings are for him. Meeting his beloved's father, Giacomo says: "Ignatius Loyola, make haste to help me!" and so does Stephen in the National Library. Trieste "wakes rawly" and "Belluomo rises from the bed of his wife's lover's wife" only to become, and

KEEPING THE LIGHT OUT

When lines went down we camped in the kitchen,
nailed blankets to the walls and doors;
bedding down on the frozen floor
was cave dwelling: woodstove for heat and light;
red things that flickered on the walls
were real shapes rampant every night.

The storm went on hissing, snow hungry
over windows upstairs, a dangerous country;
toilet bowls cracking apart, banking snow
sifting through plaster and board and we heard
every night white shapes moving in overhead
and each day we sank deeper underground.

When neighbors broke in they found
us shy, suspicious, a small tribe
blinking, packed in the closed dark.
They told of a hot sun that burned for days,
how the land for miles was glazed
thick over lakes of snow outside.

DOUGLAS LAWDER

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be transferred to, Stephen's Paris of 1903. Bloom and Stephen come together only in a rapture of sensuous disgust—"sour reek of armpits, nozzled oranges, melting breast ointments"—which proclaims that both are sexual adolescents. Blazes Boylan, who buys "shamefaced peaches" for Molly, streaks across in "shameful peaches with torn leaves." And the reconciliation of adolescent and mature man is effected in scraps of poetry which, used in *Pomes Penyeach*, could as well have been used in *Chamber Music*: "A flower given by her to my daughter. Frail gift, frail giver, frail blue-veined child."

What James Joyce was learning as Giacomo was a prose technique suitable for the Stephen of *Ulysses*. This Stephen is in many ways younger than the mature voyager of the final pages of *A Portrait*. He has learning (*"Che coltura!"* cries the beloved's classmate, hearing Giacomo hold forth on Stephen's favorite authors —from Swedenborg to Joachim Abbas), but he is emotionally upset. He has lost a mother and disowned a father, and a Jew called (like Giacomo's beloved's father) Leopold must come along and, as the "new womanly man," supply the office of both parents.

Giacomo, in his 30s, no longer feels an orphan, so he must fabricate a new kind of loss. He pretends to be too old (and him only 31) to pay court to a buxom, shortsighted Jewess: what follows is romantically extravagant enough for a young poet with a floppy tie and a Hamlet hat. At the same time he looks forward to his ultimate hero, Earwicker —genuinely married, genuinely middle-aged, and genuinely dreaming of incest. What is that scraping noise? It is the sound of sharpening pencils. The index cards are being shuffled, the next load of theses aches to be realized. This very slim volume is going to have a lot to answer for.

The Restoration of Brecht

BERTOLT BRECHT, HIS LIFE, HIS ART, AND HIS TIMES. *By Frederic Ewen. The Citadel Press. 573 pp. $10.*

EDITH ANDERSON

Miss Anderson lived for many years in both parts of Germany, and was until recently Berlin correspondent for the National Guardian.

Ever since 1956 when, being dead, Brecht could no longer defend himself, two extremist groups of disciples have been presuming to immortalize him in their own image. The ferocity of their academic tug of war brings to mind Aesop's fable of the man with two wives, a young one who pulled out each new gray hair as soon as she espied it, and an old one who jealously snatched out the remaining black ones.

Was Brecht's true self the wild, nihilistic youth with piercing eyes whose rebellion against society, as expressed in his first play *Baal*, took the form, to quote Frederic Ewen, of a "fecal and erotic anti-humanism"?

Or was the real Brecht the mature Marxist who in his last years made Socialist Germany his headquarters and attempted to rework his early plays in the spirit of his later convictions? Was the political Brecht thereby doing violence to the Olympian Brecht who, with Shakespeare, would transcend the judgment of his times? When some of his plays were sharply criticized by the Socialist Unity Party, did Brecht regret having elected to live in the German Democratic Republic instead of in Switzerland or Austria (West Germany, with its unreconstructed Nazis being obviously impossible)?

The great thing about Frederic Ewen's luminous biography is that it gently frees Brecht from the bear hugs of the bigots and restores him to us as a whole man, his youth contained in his age, his age in his youth, as is the case with all of us. "Don't goggle so romantically," said the placards he had posted in the Munich theatre where his second play *Drums in the Night* was put on. There had never been a starry-eyed Brecht who could crash to disillusionment, but only—as early as *Drums in the Night*, when he was 24—the realist who aimed to dispel emotional fogs and stimulate revolutionary thinking through a dramatic method he called *Verfremdung*, variously translated as "alienation," "estrangement" (Ewen's word), and "de-familiarization" (used by Brecht's co-worker Elizabeth Hauptmann).

True, Brecht had hoped on returning from exile to make his theatre a bridge between the two Germanys, but in the total political cleavage that followed World War II he soon recognized that such a hope had become illusory. Undeniably he had his heartaches and was impatient, as Ewen writes, "with the survival of so much of the old in the new state . . . . Again and again, he returns to his favorite exhortation: Teachers, learn from your pupils! Leaders, learn from the people! Do not strain the truth too greatly, and listen while you are speaking." For Brecht there could be no return to a capitalism he had long since discarded as incurably evil; there could only be education for a future in which the word "I" would be replaced by "we."

Primarily a thinker and teacher, Brecht demanded that the writer entertain while he instructs. Ewen, also a born teacher, has enthrallingly carried out this dictum, and without any of the embroidery or gossip that so many biographers consider indispensable. By themselves, the public facts of Brecht's odyssey, as Ewen presents them, make one feel that he has come into a fortune. As remarkable as his scholarship is the modest manner with which he conjures it out of sight, enabling us to enjoy quite effortlessly the distillation of his years of study and reflection.

In a few masterly pages at the beginning he describes the German universe of the mind in which Brecht's meteor appeared. He does this so simply, yet so vividly, that all at once connections appear between phenomena that may have seemed only adventitiously associated. A veil is lifted: the constellations of the last century—political, philosophical and literary—gave rise in their shifting orbits to the basic mental attitudes that underlay fascism and anti-fascism. The contradictory role of Nietzsche here is fascinating, for he was an ancestor of both. Brecht's contemporary, the poet Gottfried Benn, found his way, Ewen tells us, straight from a Wilhelminian "heroic" nihilism to the somewhat less heroic nihilism of Hitler. "He fused Nietzsche, the macabre elements of Baudelaire, and the anti-rationalism that ran like some mysterious underground stream throughout German thought."

There is a startling similarity between Benn's much quoted, "Oh, that we were our first ancestors, a lump of slime in a warm swamp!" and Brecht's cry in *Baal*: "O you, who have been driven both from heaven and hell—you murderers, whom great ill has befallen, why did you not stay in your mothers' wombs where it was quiet, and one slept, and *was*?" The difference is that Brecht wrote his "hymnal to dissolution" (as Ewen calls it) when he was 20; at 28 he was studying *Das Kapital*; whereas the mature Benn's quest for Nirvana "was not to be satisfied until he heard the call of blood and soil, and could bury his weary head in the bosom of National Socialism."

One of the many virtues of this biography is a choice of quotations so felicitous that a lazy reader might easily imagine he now knew all about Brecht and could dispense with the actual works. Another reader, encountering such samples as this dialogue from *The Visions of Simone Machard*, will be restless until he has got his hands on a complete edition of Brecht. (A play of the French

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Resistance little known in the United States, *Simone Machard* is the story of a deformed young girl, slavey in an inn, who fancies herself as the Maid of Orleans and tries to save her town from the Germans).

SIMONE (*to the Angel*). Shall we still fight on when the enemy has already won?

ANGEL. Will the wind blow in the night?

SIMONE. Yes.

ANGEL. Is there a tree in the yard?

SIMONE. Yes. A poplar.

ANGEL. Do the leaves rustle in the wind?

SIMONE. Yes, distinctly.

ANGEL. Then one must fight on, even if the enemy has won.

Does this sound like *Verfremdung*? Scarcely. On the question of the master's frequent neglect of his own dramatic theories, Ewen has much to say that is new and refreshing. His appreciation of Brecht's "epic" theatre and style of "estrangement" does not prevent his considering the Stanislavski method equally valid, although Brecht rejected it outright. He quotes Brecht himself as saying, "The devil take it! Naturally we must have on the stage of a realistic theatre live, rounded, contradictory people, with all their passions, their direct expressions, and actions. The stage is no herbarium or a zoological museum with stuffed animals."

In his chapter about the epic theatre Ewen also introduces some insights of his own on tragedy, which compel him to find a new category for Brecht's plays. Tragedy in the classic sense, seeing man as "caught up in an ineluctable struggle with transcendent forces," is generally alleged to be defunct today. Ewen would redefine it as that form of dramatic art that displays the frustrated search for freedom in an unfree world." On the other hand, the German philosopher Ernst Bloch has written that pity and terror are replaced today by defiance and hope, and by an element of "joyfulness" in the discovery of the new, the creative, the socially useful, no matter what the cost. In this light, Ewen feels that none of Brecht's plays can be regarded as tragedies; he prefers to define even the most devastating ones, such as *Mother Courage*, as "serious comedies."

Ewen has a way of presenting happenings that were young decades ago so that we relate to them in a flash, feeling them in their historical context as we feel (because they are *we*) the happenings of our own day—which is, after all, only a later and more agonized stage of Brecht's. Here is an evening in Augsburg on the banks of the Lech, when Brecht was young, described by his friend, H. O. Münsterer:

> orange, and finally violet. Below us, We sat on the ground. Bert, Otto Müller and I. The sky is high up, wide and gorgeously blue, slowly turning the glass-like, white-spumed river and far away the dark silhouette of the city with its towers and gables. The grass is wet with dew. Brecht sang.

"There they sat, dreaming of the Ganges," Ewen adds quietly, and says no more about it. Without belaboring the point, Ewen has made us visualize our own long-haired young friends poring over Indian philosophy, sitting at the feet of Ravi Shankar and Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, dreaming with kaleidoscope eyes of love in a world of hate. Perhaps with the help of this biography some of them may wonder whether the Ganges is really where it's at; for if anyone closed the generation gap it was Brecht, who never ceased to be a rebel, even against his own pronouncements.

Princess of the Underground

THE DIARY OF ANAIS NIN. *Edited and with an Introduction by Gunther Stuhlmann. Harcourt, Brace & World and The Swallow Press jointly. Vol. I: 368 pp. Vol. II: 357 pp. $6.95 each.*

DANIEL STERN

Mr. Stern is a novelist and critic whose most recent book is After the War (*Putnam*). *His new novel,* The Suicide Academy, *will be published in the fall by McGraw-Hill.*

The main problems of modern art have not changed since the 19th century. Realism or some form of anti-realism—this is still the question at the center of the artist's choice of method. From Zola to William Burroughs, how to deal with an experience grown increasingly monstrous and fantastic remains the heart of the matter.

One way to seduce ourselves into a method is to deify Experience. If the twenties exalted the imagination and the unconscious there is no doubt that in the fifties and sixties we elevate raw Experience. This is what happened, we say, not what has been merely imagined. Reality not fantasy. We have learned to distrust inventions, artificial constructs, artistic conclusions drawn from experience rendered as if it were fact when the reader and the writer both know it is a fiction—therefore false.

This has led contemporary writing into a double dead end. On the one hand there has been a flowering of nonfiction that has spilled over into fictional art, giving us the so-called "nonfiction novel." On the other hand there are the new Grotesques—books that have a close kinship with the surreal writing of the twenties. Here reality (experience) is acknowledged as simply untenable and is replaced by a landscape as imaginary as an early Chirico painting. (I am ignoring the overlay of what has been called Black Humor—because that is about as new as Gargantua and Pantagruel or Tyl Eulenspiegel.)

Such problems are as classic as the problem of the adjustment of human personality. Every child must choose how much reality and how much fantasy to use in his sense of the world—and in his attempts to overcome it by work, art, love and/or neurosis: in short by his life style.

The history of style in art has similar roots. I suggest that the easy out of the nonfiction novel and the self-indulgence of latter-day Surrealism are both false solutions in today's terms. A unique demonstration of this is to be found in the artistic and spiritual journey of

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Anaïs Nin, whose recently published Diaries (Vols. I and II) are landmarks in the century's struggle to deal with its experience and with its art.

From the early thirties all the way through the fifties Anaïs Nin was the Princess of the Underground long before there was such a glamorous and dubious cultural stratum. Her five-volume novel *Cities of the Interior* is a prose/poetry dream; a lyrical celebration of the inner life and the images it evokes. Springing from the roots of the experimentalism of the twenties they are tender, lyrical and possessed of a feminine vision raised to the highest power. Once, in conversation, Miss Nin said to a friend: "In my books I have built a wall between the reader and myself. In the Diaries I have broken that wall down." This is a modern statement. Breaking those walls down is, after all, what so much of modern writing is all about.

Another reason why the impossible word "modern" applies is that these Diaries are involved with that most modern of drives: obsession. But the obsession is not a matter of describing obsessive material. The obsession is the Diaries themselves. For most of her life, starting when she was 8, Miss Nin carried these Diaries with her everywhere —her other self. At first, as with all addictions, it was pleasant and harmless. But by the time she was living in Paris and enjoying a very special *vie de bohème* of the early thirties with such pals as Henry Miller, the Freudian rebel Otto Rank, the mad genius of the modern theatre, Antonin Artaud, the Diaries had swelled to thousands of pages—and were struggling with her other "artistic" work for her attention. For—some of her friends believed—her very soul.

At the end of Volume I we read: "This Diary is my kief, Hashish and opium pipe. This is my drug and my vice. . . . I can turn away from reality and into the reflections and dreams it projects. and this driving, impelling fever which keeps me tense and wide-awake during the day is dissolved in improvisations, in contemplations. I must relive my life in the dream. The dream is my only life. . . . Otherwise life shows its deformities and homeliness becomes rust. My drug. Covering all things with a mist of smoke, deforming and transforming as the night does. . . ."

The conflict is always between reality and the dream—between the ice-clear day and the mists of night. But one of the great charms of reading these Diaries is the discovery that the artist has made another choice than she thinks. While adoring the night and its special magics she has created the clarity of time (from 1931 to 1939), the lyrical but utterly specific poetics of place (Paris, New York, Louveciennes, the French suburb where she made her home, Tangier—The Villa Seurat where she found an apartment for Henry Miller—the Seine houseboat on which she made her home in the late thirties), and best of all she has created one of the most magnificent sets of characters to appear in any contemporary work of art.

None of these is presented with the distortions, the derangements of sense that characterize the "night works" of the surreal. Yet she has undoubtedly "created" Henry Miller, in her reading a kind of latter-day François Villon who steals razor blades and cares only about writing and his first wife, June—who, in Miss Nin's delineation is worth a book all to herself: mercurial, beautiful, allergic to truth, insistent on being loved. (Her presence and absence dominates the first volume as the presence and absence of Albertine dominates those transformed Diaries of Proust.) There is Otto Rank and Dr. Allendy, the tormented analyst she consulted and who, like the others, tried to wean her from her obsession with the Diary. All of them—time, place, character—are presented in a supple and evocative prose. Both volumes are sprinkled with superb set pieces. Even a minor encounter is treated with style and illuminates. As, for example, the author's visit with Zadkine, the sculptor of wood figures:

> We went to his little house behind an apartment house in the Rue d'Assas. There are two small houses with a garden between them. In one he lives with his Russian wife; in the other are his sculptures. . . . The different qualities of the woods, the grains showing, the various tones, weights, make one feel there is much of the tree left in them. . . . Women carved out of bamboo . . . faces cut in two by the sculptor's knife, showing two sides forever separate, eternally two-faced. Truncated undecagonal figures, in veined and vulnerable woods, fragments of bodies . . . armless and headless. . . . In the center of these figures, Zadkine, small, rosy-skinned, with a round face like a boy, hair tousled, always laughing, joking, mischievous.
>
> His small, quick gestures, his ironic expression, his red cheeks, give him something of a handsome clown, a handsome monkey. His humor and joy are so strong, tinted with philosophy, he says gaily such profound things, his sculptures so ponderous and haunting, that one seeks in vain for the affiliation between his carving and his delight . . . he carves prisons yet he himself laughs within them as if they were part of a game.

Thus a portait of a man and a Portrait of the Artist. In fact, Miss Nin is so much the novelist that the "others" in her Diary are as real as the "I"—a rare occurrence in such documents. Antonin Artaud, the original theoretician of the Theater of Cruelty, with whom Miss Nin had one of the strangest love affairs possible; her father, the pianist and composer who deserted her and her mother and returned, years later: subtle portrait of the Artist as Peacock—of a man who was never meant to be a father struggling with belated fatherhood. All of them have the density of fully imagined characters—none of the thinness of "mere" life. The artist has here tampered with reality; and reality has been the beneficiary.

Throughout both volumes there is the struggle of two styles. Night versus day; inner versus outer. She even turns Henry Miller onto a new dream style which he eagerly takes up. And there are numerous entries that are loose and lyrical in the pejorative sense in which the word "feminine" is sometimes used. But these are always balanced by a taut sense of reality—and an elegance of diction which never allows her to become sentimental. The inner and the outer, the day and the nighttime style of living and of feeling are, at Miss Nin's best, merged. And her best is characteristic of most of the Diaries. In them she has solved some of the most pressing problems of the modern artist. How real must reality be—how does one deal with the dark side, the surreal side of living (which is present as much in Homer as it is in Norman Mailer)? After a brilliant scene in which she and a friend observe a psychiatrist questioning recently admitted lunatics, the author and her friend stroll away from the Palais de Justice and she muses: "Would human beings ever learn the

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meaning of symbolism? Poets and dreamers and madmen, using a language that was clear, clear. . . . A language necessary to the life below our consciousness."

In her life work, these Diaries (15,000 pages long in their entirety, from which these 700 or so pages have been culled), Anaïs Nin has answered that question of long ago. It is a question, by the way, that in 1937 seemed very much an urgent, contemporary one. And, after something of a respite in the forties and fifties it is again being considered as central.

What these Diaries teach us is that the way to the subterranean caverns of the spirit may be approached by the artistic manipulation of our daytime language. Reality is never as real as we think. Nor is dislocated language necessarily illuminative. (On the contrary, the road opened by *Ulysses* is still wide open while *Finnegans Wake* was never anything but a magnificent dead end.) There is something to be learned as well as enjoyed in reading this Odyssey of a young Spanish Catholic girl whose father deserted her and who went on to a richly textured life as a writer, a psychoanalyst, as well as companion and spiritual midwife to some of the finest artists of the century.

We learn that the world of the grotesque and that of the proportionate may meet in the medium of elegant and accessible language. We learn, too (as perhaps the author learned), that magic happens while coffee is being drunk; that the dream is coeval with the bright sun at noontime; that an obsession with recording reality need not be at odds with the creation of other worlds; that we need give up neither reality nor fantasy in our lives nor in our art—if our imagination has enough of the necessary courage. It is precisely that imaginative courage that shines through the artistic achievement of these monumental Diaries.

The Shriek & the Sheik

HITCHCOCK. *By François Truffaut (in collaboration with Helen G. Scott). Simon & Schuster. 258 pp. $10.*

VALENTINO. *By Irving Shulman. Trident Press. 499 pp. $6.95.*

JACK LEAVITT
Mr. Leavitt is a practicing attorney in the San Francisco Bay Area and a member of the Mystery Writers of America.

In the same year that Alfred Hitchcock converted a Jack the Ripper novel into his first "true Hitchcock" film, Rudolph Valentino's business associates were perfecting a more specialized art form, that of transforming the corpse of the once vibrant sheik into box-office bullion. Ever since that year (1926), Valentino's ghost and Hitchcock's victims have remained in the public eye. Needless to say, the eye is a receptacle for motes as well as beams. The ballyhoo about these men often has no relationship to their achievements.

With *Hitchcock*, we have the printed record of a dialogue between two renowned film directors—Truffaut and Hitchcock—who are both critical admirers of Hitchcock's work. Culled from a tape-recorded interview that lasted for fifty hours over several days, the text deals incisively with each of Hitchcock's fifty-six directorial efforts. Anecdotes are plentiful—and pointed—as the pair describe the circumstances under which the films were conceived, the directorial problems offered by the productions, the preparation and structure of the screenplays and Hitchcock's assessment of how the commercial and artistic results matched his initial expectations. Supplementing the narrative are approximately 300 black-and-white photographs, taken chiefly from the films under scrutiny to illustrate moments of action.

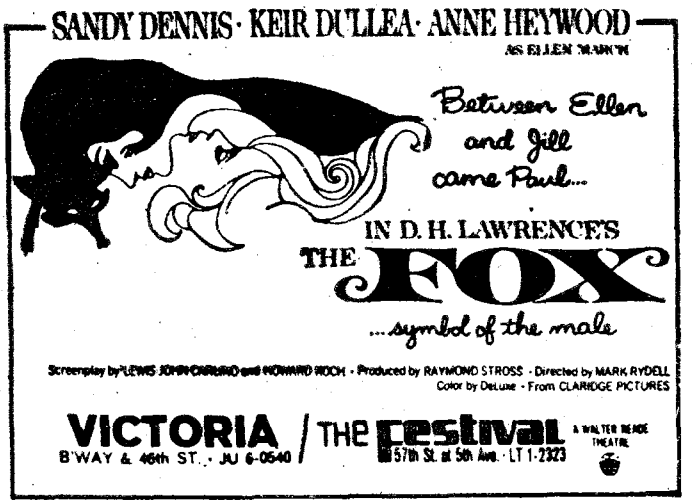
As a moviegoer who has been bored with many Hitchcock films, I wondered how the two professionals would avoid or excuse the cinematic failures that were bound to intrude into their questions and answers—more properly, their comments and countercomments. Their technique was simple. When, for example, Hitchcock finished a stern analysis of a work that "wasn't my kind of picture," he shrugged, "Well, let's file *The Wrong Man* among the indifferent Hitchcocks." Truffaut objected, "That's not what I was getting at. I hoped you might defend the picture." "Impossible," Hitchcock remarked. "I don't feel that strongly about it."

These conversations provide a lively exposition of the filmic art. We share a problem with Hitchcock and Truffaut, consider how it might be solved, remember how Hitchcock solved it, and wonder whether he was right. We might disagree with his answers, especially if we have seen them on the screen, but will surely find pleasure in seeing how he jigsawed a movie into a coherent unit.

According to Truffaut, Hitchcock has created a film form that is also his film content. While his cinema is not necessarily "exalting," Truffaut notes, "it invariably enriches us" through "the terrifying lucidity with which it denounces man's desecrations of beauty and purity." More than likely, however, what Hitchcock does is supposed to justify itself because he does it so well so much of the time.

Through Hitchcock's good-natured candor in responding to Truffaut's inquiries, we become aware of the imaginative precision that a director needs in rendering a mood concrete. Little touches are vital. To make a supposedly poisoned glass of milk become the focus of audience attention, he highlights the drink with a bulb hidden inside the glass. To warn us that a train is bringing a murderer home to his unsuspecting relatives, he arranges for heavy, devilishly black smoke to pour from the locomotive and engulf the station. To climax a passionate moment between the hero and heroine in the sleeping car of another train, he uses the train as a "most impudent" phallic symbol rushing into a tunnel.

Opposed to motion pictures that are "photographs of people talking," Hitchcock believes that a movie is a failure if a dramatic weakness can be overcome


SANDY DENNIS · KEIR DULLEA · ANNE HEYWOOD
Between Ellen and Jill came Paul...
IN D. H. LAWRENCE'S
THE FOX
...symbol of the male
Screenplay by LEWIS JOHN CARLINO and HOWARD ROCH · Produced by RAYMOND STROSS · Directed by MARK RYDELL
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only by dialogue. Claiming to be unconcerned with "plausibility," Hitchcock has said, "Some films are slices of life. Mine are slices of cake." With such an attitude, he delights in "pure" cinema much as Marie Antoinette must have delighted in pure monarchy. Each tried to minimize a limitation by exalting it.

To reach his goals of heightened emotion, Hitchcock uses two major tools —the manipulation of time on the screen and the contrapuntal juxtaposition of dialogue and visual images. Time can be controlled because a motion picture is a mosaic of celluloid strips, each representing some five to fifteen seconds of screen action, which are pieced together to unfold ninety minutes or more of continuous entertainment. (An average of 600 sequences is used in a ninety minute film; for *The Birds,* Hitchcock used 1,360 sequences; for *Rope,* he used sequences that took ten minutes each, approximately nine shots for the entire film.) Hitchcock can create and intensify suspense by raising a fear in our minds that something will happen and then delaying the actual event for a perilously long time. Once he has established a reason for a woman to hate her husband, he projects a frame of the woman carrying a platter of vegetables to the table. From the platter he focuses on a carving knife lying on the table. Then, with precise framing, on her hand, her eyes, her hand, her eyes, her hand, her eyes, her husband absently chewing his food, and finally her hand and the knife in the same frame.

With similar shifting of perspective, a director can establish a conflict between words and images. At a table set for three, for example, an elderly husband will be saying grace over the meal Providence has granted to himself, his young wife and a handsome stranger. As the old man gives thanks, the eyes of the wife and the stranger meet. She glances down at a newspaper on the table and sees his photograph. He is wanted for murder. Their eyes meet again. The husband continues to say grace.

This strength of Hitchcock's is also his weakness. When I reviewed *The Man Who Knew Too Much* in 1956, I noted that the minor ingredients were served up with such a grand show that the main theme became "merely another corn flake in the cereal bowl." So pleased with his selectivity, Hitchcock overburdens his films. His main theme is too often a trivial one, regardless of its life or death implications, to keep us from wandering into the byroads of engrossing trivia. Along toward the end of his conversations with Truffaut, Hitchcock summarized his goals by announcing:

> My main satisfaction is that the film had an effect on the audiences, and I consider that very important. I don't care about the subject matter; I don't care about the acting; but I do care about the pieces of film and the photography and the sound track and all of the technical ingredients that made the audience scream. I feel it's tremendously satisfying for us to be able to use the cinematic art to achieve something of a mass emotion.

How noteworthy it is to find the intellectual efforts of Truffaut-Hitchcock more appealing than Hitchcock's synthetic emotional effects.

With Irving Shulman's *Valentino,* we encounter a biography written in five acts, forty scenes and a few asides. Dull in conception and execution, the work originated in Shulman's concern with the Italian film star as "an authentic sociocultural phenomenon." This sentiment was endorsed with dignity by his publishers, who footnoted the book's academic virtues in full-page advertisements: Valentino's arrest and indictment during a white slave investigation: Valentino's bizarre marriages, when wife number one locked him out of their bridal chamber on their wedding night and wife number two shared him with his leading lady during a lavish European holiday: Valentino's first theatrical job as a gigolo for rich, unescorted women in the titillating cabarets of Manhattan.

With some 12,000 books published each year, the odds are fair that a discerning reader can avoid *Valentino.* The book, however, does have an indirect and unintentional impact that should be noted here. Bothered by today's headlines and frightened by what may appear in tomorrow's special editions, we should be uncomfortable to realize that New York City streets once were battle fronts in a bloody testimonial to Hollywood myth making. Spurred on by a press agent who once had the Statue of Liberty scrubbed clean with Bon Ami soap powder, thousands of Valentino's admirers determined to see the actor as he lay in state:

> Shrieking defiance, they pressed in against the police, who stood with arms locked and clubs at the horizontal to ward off the first shock of contact. As the mob struggled to break through the police line, a troop of mounted policemen rode out of the side streets to take the crowd from the flanks and rear.
>
> Men, women and children scattered, for they were neither prepared nor organized to resist such cavalry maneuvers. Thrown into panic, the crowd broke and raced across Broadway. . . . There they were repulsed by another double line of police officers, who engaged them as the mounted officers rode in to scatter the disorganized forces.

Men are mad enough to riot over dead actors, over live actors (as in the Astor Place riots, where thirty-one were killed), over cartridges greased with animal fat, over tolerance for Catholics, over closed shops, over open shops, over farm prices, over taxes on tea, over taxes on whiskey, over war, over peace, over the right to riot. We all seem to be capable of finding something to cherish as an excuse for destroying everything else.

Nation Book Marks

IN THE BALANCE. *By M. E. White. Harper & Row. 218 pp. $4.95.*

THE EDGE. *By Page Stegner. The Dial Press. 250 pp. $4.95.*

SHEEPER. *By Irving Rosenthal. Grove Press. 304 pp. $5.95.*

SARA BLACKBURN

Mrs. Blackburn, a former book editor for a New York publishing house, is now a freelance writer.

Two of these three first novels are about falling apart in California, and it would be nice to think that Miss White's, a jarringly good one by a new writer who matters very much, will get a proper share of attention. For various reasons—including the degree of attention being given to each by their respective publishers—it will probably be Mr. Stegner's which gets noticed. Like any plate of leftovers, it is familiar enough not to be dangerous.

In the Balance is about Baylor Irish, a college girl-actress who is flipping out, losing or gaining her mind, around the time of her graduation. Continual flashbacks to her earlier life parallel these current events and give the novel a circular form, so that by the time it ends we are up to date, and convinced, through a kind of nightmare logic, that Baylor's mind is exactly where it has to be—blown, and in a state of utter isolation. To put it another way, Baylor would have to be crazy not to go crazy. Many of the scenes in Miss White's book—Baylor's experiences with a maniacal "underground" movie troupe run by a famous Hollywood type, her relationship with her superficially hip but really not-there family, her desperate high school encounters with the drag-race incrowd—are terribly funny, but they are

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funny in a brutal way that keeps the reader constantly on the brink of real tears. In accomplishing this, Miss White uses a lot of surrealism, but, like many other devices here, it blends so absolutely into the novel as a whole that it is, as any successful technique should be, barely noticeable.

Readers who find the book masochistic (Baylor, looking for contact, is engaged in systematically letting herself be punished and isolated into that worst of no-contact oblivions) might find it exasperating, but this seems unlikely; the point is that Baylor is wide awake, and saner in her own brand of madness than those locked into the more conventional/acceptable forms of madness which pass as the everyday world. (I know of at least two New York psychiatrists who have been troubled recently by the fact that certain of their patients are "overexcited" about the continuation of the war in Vietnam. Who's crazy?)

I can't remember reading another book that conveys with such piercing accuracy the sense of beauty and ruin of growing up in turned-on, middle-class America. Miss White writes so well that it is eerie. And, reprint publishers please note, if ever there was a novel to be read avidly by people under and over 30, it's this one. *In the Balance* is a shocking, beautiful and important new novel.

Page Stegner is the same age as M. E. White (about 30), and his hero reminds me of the rich Hollywood dropout in her book who is excitedly producing underground movies. *The Edge* uses a lot of hip references and what used to be called "experimental" techniques in becoming just another very conventional American novel, a warmed-over version of earlier books by other writers.

What is most annoying here is that occasional sections are good enough to make us wonder why the rest is so pretentiously bad or, simply, so predictable. Mr. Stegner's protagonist is also flipping out; his name is Ryan, and he has (through a series of betrayals and irresponsibilities that come from not knowing how to love anybody) ruined his marriage and his academic career, and is responsible for the death of his small son (who falls off a cliff while Ryan is making love to someone he doesn't care about). The novel is generally about how Ryan got that way, but it is almost as if Mr. Stegner doesn't want it to work. This is probably because Ryan, a kind of perennial adolescent who spoils every relationship he touches, specializing in the last-minute letdown, just isn't interesting or substantial enough to be concerned about; one feels vaguely throughout that he rather deserves what he gets and that, at bottom, Stegner himself so dislikes him that's he's stacking his prose against him. There is something petulant about the book, and reading it is a little like watching a good trial lawyer defend a client about whose case he is obviously skeptical and slightly embarrassed.

Irving Rosenthal's novel is, as they say, something else. *Sheeper* is more or less an explanation of what it's like to be an elaborately disguised novelist named Sheeper, writing *Sheeper*. "There is nothing I want this memoir to resemble more than a skin disease," is a fairly typical Sheeper-statement, and a very accurate example of the novel's flavor. Rosenthal wants his reader to react with all the annoyance and distaste that such a nasty and precious assault provokes, but then he wants to show him color-slide blow-ups of the skin disease and, surprise! the scales look like webs of lace that are somehow alive, and the scabs and welts are of dazzling colors and wild shapes. This method is applied in *Sheeper* to things like writing, taking drugs, making love (*men* making love to one another; Sheeper hates women most of the time, doesn't want them to read his book, keeps telling them not to), the pain of not making love, and remembering a grotesque childhood.

About writing: "The sentence must be clanked. You have to start with a sentence and clank it."

"All this is Ancient History to poets, and any prose writer who has ever been exposed to an Eisenstein montage and still hacks out Story ought to be hacked into the bits of hamburger I am supposed to sprinkle on the fruit salad I feed my lizard."

"Words glow because of the underlay of sex. . . . Do you like this book enough to press it to your crotch or breast? Kiss me."

Most of the characters in *Sheeper* are writers and junkies (they overlap), and most go about in the novel under their own names, which gives Sheeper's journal-novel a gossip-column quality; no effect in this "memoir" is uncalculated. The novel is a record of Sheeper's thoughts as he grows up as an American writer and homosexual whose sense of perfection as an artist and whose pride as a lover make his life in both roles agonizingly difficult and lonely. It is also a brilliant lecture on style by a crotchety and demanding teacher who loves his eccentricities. *Sheeper* is a novel to be delighted, moved or maddened by, and even readers who fall squarely into the last bag will have to agree that its cumulative effect is weirdly beautiful. So is the book's physical appearance; the design, by Dave Haselwood, and the paper and binding are rare phenomena indeed in the current American publishing scene.

ART

MAX KOZLOFF

The possessor of considerable pictorial talents, a representative of the heroic Abstract-Expressionist period in American art, Adolph Gottlieb nevertheless elicits certain qualms or aesthetic resistance, which his current Guggenheim Museum retrospective does not work to overcome. Something vital has always seemed to be missing from the creative make-up of this well-known painter, an absence that has little to do with his measurable contributions, or the respect to which his historical position entitles him. I might make a stab at locating this failing by saying that it appears to arise in a contradiction between his rationalistic procedure and the emotive framework of his art, between an appeal to primitive sensation, even ancient memories, and a complacent execution. Yet, if Gottlieb falls short of his self-projected stature, he does so impressively, and not always. The equivocal nature of his vision can neither quite be indicted nor quite dismissed. It is worth serious consideration, even as it is the subject of some regret—regret over the presence of enough potential for one to see that it has not been realized.

To be brisk about it, I could summarize my objections by quoting those of a colleague, Sidney Tillim, (*Arts;* November, 1962) on Gottlieb's then current show at the Janis Gallery:

> Frankly, Gottlieb had long seemed to me an artist who was no more than an

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engaging satellite of the generation that includes Rothko and Pollock, whose presences, along with others, are felt in his work. In my student years his pictographic style was part of the then exhilarating mosaic of the avant-garde, and when he entered his period of Miróish suns and moons contrasted with frowsy puffs and dripping abstract calligraphy, I marked him off as another of those pilgrims who had transferred their twentieth century worship of the archaic to the Far East, where one could vegetate in evocative atmospheres that did the work of the imagination and which invoke space by calling up associations with Japonized Chinese art, having its "look" rather than a substance.

The most accurate word for me, here, is "look." Gottlieb arrived sufficiently "on time" to participate authentically in the revival of primitive graphic signs in American World War II art; was close enough to their source to be an original exponent of the big scale and the flat plane, and he even early accomplished the switch to a color field, or rather, image painting by the late fifties, thus falling in step with the chromatic developments of the sixties. But in every instance, his intimate accord with such phenomena did not prevent him from purveying an infinitely stronger rendition of their "look" than a sense that they were genuinely propulsive agents in his art. With Gottlieb, the innovational spark and the assimilative faculty are, through some unexplainable process, made to seem the same thing. Though a first-generation artist, he tackles his problems with all the generalizing ease permitted only to the second. As a result, he often appears to be an idea consumer rather than a producer. Paradoxically, however, the force, or better the color, of his personality is so vivid that everything he does is unmistakably Gottlieb—has his flair, his style. Under the circumstances, this has made him an isolated, even "homeless" artist, more than it has granted him the status of a unique figure.

In the beginning, however, his eclecticism was on a par with that generally prevailing among his ambitious fellow artists during the forties. In Baziotes, Stamos, Motherwell, Pollock and Rothko, there was a sign language—half biomorphic Surrealist, half African or South West Indian—comparable to Gottlieb's more tabular, and hence more overtly Cubist, arrangement of the same imagery. Insisting on its pictographic character, compartmentalizing it in staggered grids formed by a white, linear scaffolding, Gottlieb created his niche. If, for his contemporaries, these mythic squiggles and mandrill faces augured an imminent release into a pre-rational gesturing with paint, or hemless effusions of steamy chroma, for Gottlieb they were the pegs upon which to construct a piquant decorative scheme.

To be sure, there is a forties' looseness—if not outright brushiness—to the pictographs at the Guggenheim. Their surfaces are politely scored, glazed, smeared, scumbled, lightly or heavily touched. Their archaic scrawls and oscillating spaces, when tautened by a play between large arabesques and dotted punctuations, can come off effectively ("Recurrent Apparitions," 1946, "Man Looking at a Woman," 1949). But largely these pictures are burdened by two flaws, easy to perceive, if harder to articulate.

The first is that Gottlieb's expressive paraphernalia has an only approximate relationship to his imagery. One feels about his surfaces that they are a "good guess" at, rather than an intuitively felt revelation of, the tactile and emotional load that his processing should bear. It is as if he knew enough to be "interesting," but was incapable of making that interest an organic vehicle of form, that is, a self-justifying, rather than merely a sensuously appealing enterprise. Concomitant with this, is another dilemma. Signs, in Gottlieb, become heralds of shapes in such a manner that the former lose their meaning, while the latter are inhibited too restrictively in extension and behavior. The resulting hybrid is the effect, not of willful ambiguity but of an unintended irresolution in the function and syntax of his elements. Had he given himself over to the discovery of shape, he might have become an "action" painter; had he conserved the sign character of his forms, he might have presaged the emblems of the sixties. As it was, Gottlieb opted for a pared-down symbolism, a kind of earth-sky, and then later, sun and burst typology, writ large, elemental and fulsome, to which he has remained more or less loyal to the present day.

The immediate trouble with this idiom is its contrived dramaturgy. With their jagged, swabbed and spattered edges, these flat "bursts" (Whitney) are not only programmatically contrasted with the sun or moon shape above them but are the opposite of that spontaneity implied by their form. Both shapes are put into relief on the basis of their assigned roles of containment and explosion, near and far, Apollonian and Dionysiac. Yet this iconic arrangement is neither obsessively nor structurally keyed—but rather an archetypal format, almost a trademark, whose overly explicit metaphysical assertions are not to be taken seriously.

What is to be so taken, on the other hand, is Gottlieb's attempt to shore up the increased vulnerability of the new work in the area of color. In the Guggenheim paintings, the upstaged graphic system shunted color into the secondary but adequate role of a pastel addendum. Later, in the bursts, graphism is beside the point, and the many of their number executed in black and white—or sometimes a red sun—look only half-baked. But by 1959, Gottlieb in "Aureole" and "Una" achieves such a warmth of transparency and vibration of hue that they constitute a blossoming of his art. The first picture, all varying shades of ochre cut by a sharp alizarin sun; the second, a vast façade of light blue barely opened by a lone gray moon, indicate an unprecedented dynamic in his work. For one thing, the dialogue between images

AS I READ MY GOOD FRIEND'S BOOK

his words make choochoo trains that
derail themselves on
each other. My eyes vaguely

go searching for corpses in
the wreckage: same old
cadavers: you can hardly

tell them from the wooden ties.
I must gather my
thoughts—I look at them sticking

to my fingers lying in
a puddle of brain
damage. I wish my friend well

and close his book. It will not
lie flat; it shudders
under my touch. The Red Cross

hands out stale crackers to the
survivors. In a
caboose on page 48

a palsied conductor plies
the wireless: the
S.O.S. blitters out from

between stanzas, strophes. I
pretend not to hear.
On the shelf my friend's thin book

staggers the row, throws covers
into upheavals.
I pretend not to notice.

I think of him at home, his
thoughts oozing out his
ear, my words steaming on the

tracks before him. I think of
shaking his scars as
he shakes mine next time we meet,

our clasp sticky, our glances
sliding in and out
of each-other's kindly eyes.

LEWIS TURCO

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and ground is amplified by the internal space generated through sheer sensory effect; for another, the close or sudden color changes redetermine the pictorial scenario, the result of surprising jumps of temperature, immaterial color baths or shock-welded optical contrast. It was put very well by Tillim who noted with pleasure in the same 1962 article that

> "Expanding" sets a large puff of powder blue slightly above a calculated splotch of burnt orange and by color tensions anneals them to a green ground which has more yellow in it than blue. The powder blue is close in value to the green, and so loses its contour provocatively while the orangeish splotch is like an opaque fist clutching the green aggressively. . . .

It is all the more pity that Gottlieb realized so few comparable pictures in the spiritlessly capering, safe, decorative acreage he has produced since then. For a brief instant he seemed, and was, larger than we thought.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

As far as I am concerned, Neil Simon's *Plaza Suite* (Plymouth Theatre) is not the author's evening (deft as he may be) nor Mike Nichols' (adroit though he is), but Maureen Stapleton's. The three short plays, the action in each case being situated in the Plaza Hotel, all belong to that remarkable actress.

The first play—and the only one that can appropriately be so designated, the other two being "sketches"—is about a failing marriage which reveals itself dramatically in that light a day before its twenty-third anniversary. Karen Nash is a wife of childlike devotion to her husband, a woman of good will, romantically attached to the illusions of her past, maturing with a sense of the hardening arteries of her husband's affection, and slowly developing a humorous but nonetheless substantial resentment against his male torpor. Her husband, a successful businessman, (well played by George C. Scott), seems chiefly interested in keeping his waistline to the required athletic club measurement. He has become an efficient mechanism of the American way of life whose only tremor of sensibility reveals itself in a banal affair with his secretary and an uncertainty as to the meaning of anything he does or his eventual behavior.

In the usual Neil Simon prescription, this design is rendered as hilarious as possible; but whatever success he achieves in this respect is far less important than the warm poignancy of Miss Stapleton's acting. She brings to everything she does an unforced comic charm which is not so much a technical gift as the expression of an innocence, a human helplessness, and an honest realization withal that her limitations are part of an endearing femininity which nothing she can or ever desires to do will mitigate. Every word Miss Stapleton utters, every move she makes in this, the opening panel of the evening's entertainment, is fresh, funny, lovable. If there is a more genuinely and profoundly rich womanhood or a more *natural* actress on our stage I cannot think who she might be.

In the second bit, Miss Stapleton plays a silly little housewife who answers the call of her school days' beau, now become a hot-shot Hollywood producer on a brief visit to New York. By plying her with liquor, confessions of unhappiness over the emptiness of his career and the mesmerizing use of great movie names who are his intimates he seduces the goose.

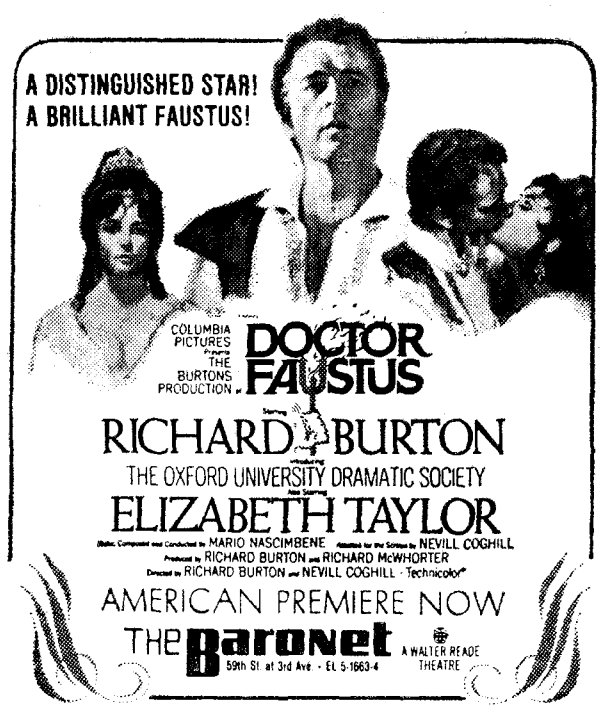
Here Miss Stapleton's characterization is somewhat more stressed in its wide-eyed and tremulous candor. Her performance in this scene gives clear evidence of Mike Nichols' helping hand. The directorial key in this and the following piece is reminiscent of the shrewd Nichols-May spoofs of yesteryear.

Miss Stapleton's final appearance in a masterpiece of a hat occurs in untrammeled farce about a couple's efforts to get their bride daughter out of the bathroom into which she has locked herself, and from which she refuses to emerge, while all the wedding guests wait for her to come down to the marriage ceremony.

This slice of cute hokum is brilliantly served by Miss Stapleton's wonderful discombobulation which once again communicates a complete absence of guile or malice. She is never anything but unself-consciously adorable. George Scott's extravagant exasperation as her husband has the quality of the wild and somehow appealing absurdity which makes one recall the old-time ham actor. (Mr. Scott might make a dazzling Svengali in either a straight or burlesque *Trilby*: with very little difference between the two.) From the moment when the husband tests his strength by trying to break down the bathroom door, and finds that he has only come near to breaking his arm, Mr. Scott does his best acting of the show.

Neil Simon upholds a great tradition: he writes sure-fire comedies for the big audiences everywhere in the United States —our national Broadway. His insights are conventional—they match the audience's preconceptions—and his comedy technique is firmly set in the theatrical line of which he is the one steadily practicing heir. His writing covers the structure of his slight plots with a bright patina of canny wisecracks which invariably produce the expected laughs, although one can hardly remember them shortly after they have exploded. The formula is a pillar of show business.

There is health and youthful buoyancy in *The Grand Music Hall of Israel* now at the Palace. The show, in Hebrew, Yiddish and momentary English, is extremely simple in song and dance with nice taste and delicately varied color in the costumes. Even the admixture of night-club jazziness very much in a Tel-Aviv vein (suitable to an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Ed Sullivan show) is sweetened by the basic Israeli friendliness and good nature. The men are men, the voices generally agreeable, and the girls exceptionally pretty.

At the Village Gate at 161 Bleecker Street young folk especially will appreciate *Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris*, a rendition of Jacques Brel's songs in English devised by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, neatly arranged for the stage by Moni Yakim, accompanied by a pleasing musical combo.

The original songs were usually delivered by the composer-writer alone; they are now presented by four sympathetically committed performer-singers —Elly Stone, Mort Shuman, Shawn Elliott, Alice Whitfield. Brel's music has a different sound from that which we associate with ordinary French popular tunes; but then he is Belgian. Social themes are strikingly prominent and are voiced in harsh rather than sentimental tones. Nearly all the songs are virulent with disillusion and possess a gruff assertiveness of protest. The target is the falsity, disarray, misery of the moral, political and street scene of our day.

Brel, whose songs in French I do not know, struck me in translation as a tougher Jacques Prévert, but I am told by those better informed that Brel is a true poet whose work has more "guts" and anger than does that of the wistful and humorous Prévert. Be that as it may, the occasion made me feel that the time for crying out should be abbreviated—it has become habitual—and a time for positive thought and action should take its place. But I was glad to note the warm reception given the Brel songs in the cellar of the Village Gate.

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FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Shelagh Delaney wrote the screenplay for *Charlie Bubbles*; Albert Finney directed it and plays the lead. These two Britishers rose fast and far out of their working-class origins; the thesis of their collaboration is that fame and riches are as the Dead Sea fruit. With due respect for their right to speak from first-hand experience, they do not make a convincing case.

It can be said in their defense that the case is one very difficult to make in dramatic terms. Since the revulsion is entirely subjective, displaying itself externally in morbid indolence and estrangement from normal contacts, it belongs perhaps better to the short story or novel. The overt spectacle of fortune's darling languishing under a torrent of gold and adulation does not elicit much sympathy from an audience—a likelier reaction being "isn't that too damned bad?"

But the odd thing about *Charlie Bubbles* is that two such astute chroniclers as Miss Delaney and Mr. Finney should be so apparently oblivious of the inherent problems. Bubbles has come down to London from the north of England; he has been writing novels, one guesses, for some seven or eight years, and has amassed a sum of money that should make his tax inspector thoughtful. He drives a custom-gadgeted Rolls-Royce, lives in a town house equipped with room-to-room television surveillance, employs a very superior couple to care for him, and harbors a young American girl (Lisa Minelli) as a disciple-secretary.

The thirty-six hours of Charlie's travail opens on a drinking bout with an old friend Pickles (I failed to decode the nomenclature of the picture), touched off by a food-smearing scene in the current fashion. From this, Charlie moves on to an all-night drive north to visit his divorced wife (Billie Whitelaw) and young son, takes the boy to a football match, endures a good deal of rough contempt from his former spouse and a parallel dispassionate observation from his son, collapses (finally), and is put to bed. Next morning he departs the picture in a captive balloon that has been moored in the back garden. The film runs the gamut from *Blow-Up* to *Around the World in 80 Days.*

During this episode—I cannot see that it ever becomes a story—Finney expresses deep malaise by somnambulating. His eyes are barely open; he rarely utters more than a monosyllable; he's beat! In the day and a half, he runs into a fair number of acquaintances, all of them strikingly less successful than he, all expressing a nasty mixture of sycophancy and envy. He's aware of the reaction, but too sleepy to attend. Does he love the American kid; does he still love his tough and lusty ex-wife? Is he a good novelist or a fraud; is he suffering from writer's block or has he perhaps contracted mononucleosis? There *must* be a story somewhere in all this chrome and rubbed-walnut portentousness, but if so, it goes off with Charlie in the balloon.

There is a lot to look *at* in *Charlie Bubbles*—it is one of those fashion-page decor films, full of interesting objects and expensively picturesque extras that now seem to dominate the British studios —the *Ipcress-Accident* console model in augmented color. But the central proposition—that a half-dozen successful novels will deprive a man of family, friends, inner resources and the will to live—is a generalization that will not hold up without some degree of specification. If you want to know what was really eating Charlie, you will have to write a note of inquiry to Miss Delaney or Mr. Finney. Or you may decide—perhaps I do at least understand his name—that Charlie Bubbles is an ectoplasmic scapegoat; that his creators are paying a ransom of induced melancholia to their own munificent but not entirely credible fairy godmothers.

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